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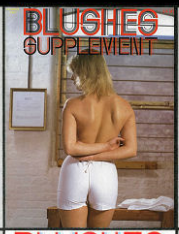

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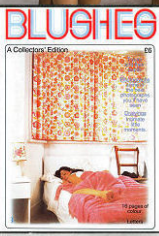

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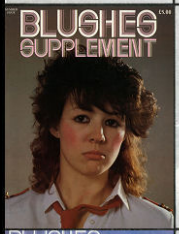

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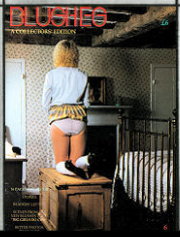

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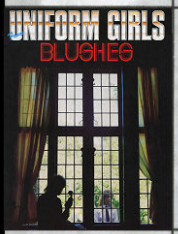

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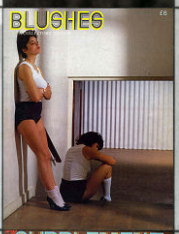

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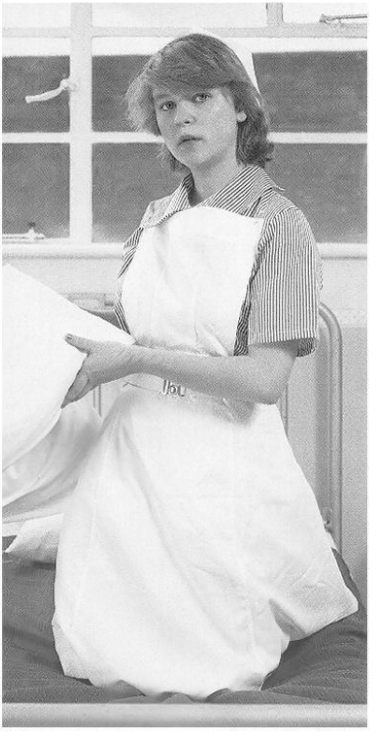
ST PROBYN'S PENITENTIARY



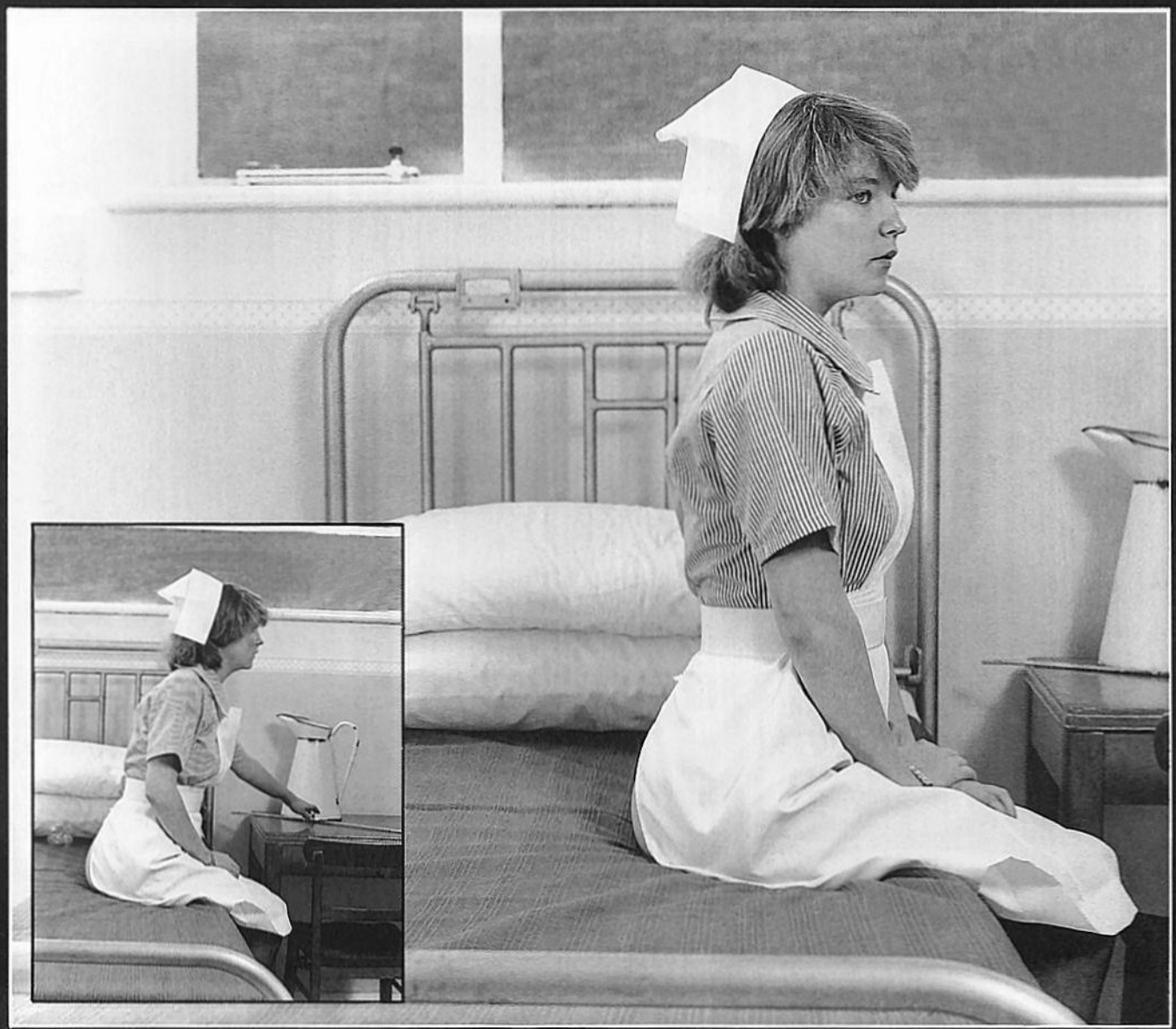
Teresa glanced out of the window but there was nothing to be seen. Unless you counted the blank brick wall opposite. She sat on the bed again, eyes fluttering, nervous. The bed and a wooden table and chair, that was all there was in the bare little room. Like a prison cell almost. The bed with its stark tubular metal frame could easily be imagined in a prison cell. She squirmed her bottom. The blanket she was sitting on was a vivid royal blue. A violent colour, scary in itself in a way. The whole place was scary. The two starched white pillows precisely placed; the metal jug on the table...Downstairs...

She hadn't really seen anything downstairs. Too scared to look and anyway that Matron, Mrs Jarrett, had marched her straight through the hallway and up the stairs. 'You will wait in your room until Mr Canfield is ready for you, Probationer. Mr Canfield deals with Probationer Nurses and he will see you shortly, I expect.'

St Probyn's Training Unit. She had heard it referred to as St Probyn's Penitentiary and in the little room with Mrs Jarrett clanging the door shut behind her Teresa could easily see why. but more to the point, though, what did you get here? What was the training? She had asked and no one would tell her. Girls who had been had only given a blank look. Or shook their heads. 'You're not supposed to ask, Teresa. It's confidential, haven't you been told that?' Yes she had but girls were usually prepared to talk about things. It seemed they weren't about St Probyn's. Nothing except that single humourless joke: St Probyn's Penitentiary.

You all had to come here, at least there was that. All Probationers had a two-week stay, once they'd done their first hospital period. So it couldn't be too awful, could it? Not if everyone had it. Sitting on the bright blue blanket Teresa told herself that. 'Take your coat off,' Matron had said. 'You've got your uniform on?'

She had put her coat in the cheap little cupboard, with her bag. Yes, Teresa had her uniform on. Mrs Smith, Matron at the hospital, had checked that out before she left. 'What have you got underneath,



Probationer Taylor? Not tights?'

Teresa said yes she had. 'Tights are not correct wear for St Probyn's. You wear proper black nylon stockings with a suspender belt. Have you got any?'

Teresa hadn't. She wore tights always, like most other girls. No one at the hospital said you couldn't wear tights with your uniform. 'Well you'd better borrow from someone. And you wear black knickers. Mr Canfield at St Probyn's is very strict on detail. You must be properly turned out.'

So under her blue-striped uniform dress and white apron Teresa had on nylons and a suspender belt, borrowed from another girl. She also had on black high heels. That was something else required. Naturally you didn't wear high heels in the hospital but they were required here, at St Probyn's. The suspender belt felt funny when you weren't used to wearing one. Something else to put you on edge in this horrible little room. Teresa stood up and then sat down again. This Mr Canfield...What was he like...? 'Very strict on detail.' She looked again at the door.

Five minutes later it opened. Teresa's heart gave a violent thump. Mr Canfield? He was quite young, in his thirties, in a short white coat over trousers. She got shakily to her feet.

He smiled. 'Hello. Teresa Taylor? I'm Graham Linford. Mr Canfield is tied up for the moment but I have to see you anyway. Your examination.'

It wasn't Mr Canfield after all. And what...? 'Come with me please.'

Out into that bare white-walled corridor and into another little room. Very much like her own one except the bed didn't have that bright blue blanket on it. Instead there was a white sheet. Mr Linford was closing the door behind them. 'Slip your things off,' he said. 'I've got to have a look at you.'

Oh. Flushing. He gave her that smile again. He was quite good-looking. 'Come on, Nurse. We must learn to move smartly here. You'll need to move smartly for Mr Canfield.'

Fumbling at her apron, and then the dress. She had to take everything off and get on the bed. 'You can leave the nylons and suspender belt, but everything else,' Mr Linford said. 'It's just a routine examination. Are you a virgin?'

She mumbled something, hot-faced, and had to repeat it. 'Not...uh...no...' Breathless, Teresa had her knickers off now and had got on the bed. On that cold white sheet. On her back. It wouldn't perhaps have been so bad if Mr Linford was an older man but he wasn't. Only about 30, good-looking. 'Raise your knees,' he told her. 'And open your legs. It's only routine. Right...let me see...'

Her nyloned knees were spread wide and Mr Linford...His hands...It's only routine, she told herself. Desperately. His fingers were *there*. Carefully probing. His quiet voice asking her, with his fingers now...inside. 'Only...twice...' she gasped out. Mr Linford, as his fingers did what they were doing, wanted details. Who. When. Exactly what...? 'It's routine, Nurse, but we need it for the records.'

It was the worst thing. Just the worst thing. That you could imagine. Not knowing where to look when it was finally over and she could sit up. Standing up on wobbly legs. Her boobs and pussy bare. Her pussy that...She could still feel those fingers...

Mr Linford slapped her bare bottom. 'OK? Get dressed now. That seems OK. We'll see if Mr Canfield is ready.'

Somehow getting her things back on.

She was all hot, all shaky. Her mind still focussing on it. Lying there. Her legs wide open. Mr Linford…Mr Linford with those nice blue eyes was smiling. 'That was all right, wasn't it? Some girls quite enjoy it, I believe.'

Back in the other room. Mr Linford left her there, shutting the door again. There was no Mr Canfield, not yet. The room was just the same. Then she saw it wasn't. On the table, next to that white jug. There was now a cane.

Teresa stared at it, thinking for a moment it was a mental abberation. Her mind playing tricks after that traumatic business in the other room. No, it was a cane all right. She picked it up, and quickly put it down again. It certainly hadn't been there before. Who had put it there. *And what was it for?*

Two minutes later the door opened again. An older man, in a suit. Teresa got shakily to her feet again. It must be, this time…she stood upright, feeling herself trembling, her thoughts darting wildly here and there….and back to what was on the table.

He came close. In his fifties probably, smooth grey hair, glasses. Yes, he would be Mr Canfield all right, in that suit. Eyes behind the glasses silently sizing her up.

'Probationer Taylor?' A firm, not very friendly voice. Teresa nodded. Scared little words popped out: 'Yes Sir.' She could still feel Mr Linford's hands as she lay on that other bed in just the nylons and suspender belt. With her legs wide.

'Your collar, Nurse. Is this how you normally wear it?'

Her collar? Teresa's hand went up. Oh. One side was sticking out from behind the apron top. From when she had got dressed again in the other room in front of that Mr Linford. Hardly conscious of what her hands were doing.

'Leave it. Don't adjust it now. We will consider it further later. But could it be typical of your approach, Nurse? Slipshod? Not too concerned with proper standards? Not too concerned with *discipline*?'

'*No!*...No Sir.'

His hands were at her waist. At the buckle of her belt. That wasn't wrong, was it? Too loose or something. She realised she was holding her breath, and let it go. A little frightened moan came out with it.

His hand came away. 'Bring the chair over. Stand up on it. Then lift your skirt. We will see if there are other examples of improper turn-out.'

The wooden, straight-backed chair that

was at the table. Teresa tried not to see the cane as she took the chair. There couldn't be anything else: a suspender belt not fastened, a stocking seam not straight? Or in that awful unthinking state she had been in when Mr Linford had done with her she had somehow forgotten to put her knickers on again? This Mr Canfield really scared her. And there was that cane. He *can't* cane me, she thought — but the cane was there. For a reason.

Clambering onto the chair in the spiky heels. The seat felt slippery and she didn't wear high heels much, certainly not for standing on chairs. What if she fell off. Teresa swallowed. Dry spit in her mouth.

'Lift it, Nurse. Right up. Round your waist.'

It wasn't any worse than that Mr Linford. It wasn't anything like as bad. Just lifting your skirt. But somehow it *seemed* as bad. Up on the chair and Mr Canfield's face, his sharp eyes, on a level

with her...Just keep calm. Don't panic. Think of something. But what...? Teresa's mind thought inevitably of that cane. Her skirt and apron up. Exposing the full length of the black nylons fastened with the straps of the white suspender belt. They *were* fastened properly, they had to be, although she couldn't look down. But she had somehow pinned her apron like that, with one side of her collar sticking out. 'Mr Canfield is a stickler for detail.' His hand was at one front suspender strap. Checking that it was properly fastened, properly tight. The hand let go and slid round to the side strap. And then to the back of her bare thigh above the taut stocking. Stroking slightly. Teresa could hear herself breathing. She seemed to be gasping for breath. The hand had slid up, to the tight seat of the black nylon knickers. Jiggling her bottom. Another of those squeakly little moans came out.

'These stockings, Nurse. Were you

told you could wear patterned ones?'

The stockings had little black designs on them. Teresa had got them from that other girl, Monica, and hadn't had time to think. You wore plain stockings (tights) in the hospital of course.

Oh God.

He had let go. 'Right. Get down, Nurse. Put the chair back.'

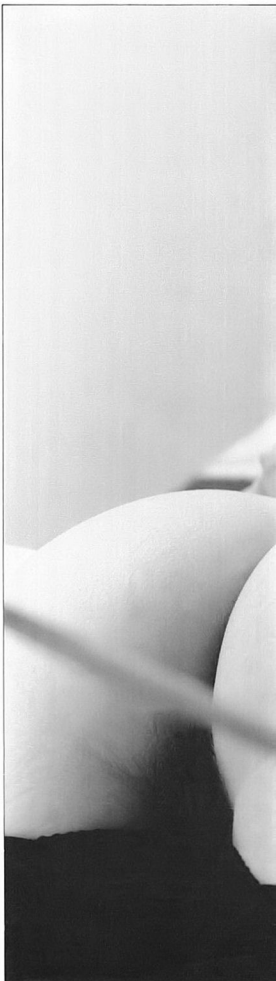
She stumbled over, her skirt back in place again. Put the chair back. Stood trembling in front of him. He wasn't going to do anything? *Please.*

'Right, Probationer. Now I am going to cane you. Improper and slipshod dress.'

The shocking words that part of her had known were going to come. *Now I am going to cane you...* 'Nnnnghhh....' A mewling sound coming out of her mouth.

'Get up on the bed. Kneel on it and drop your knickers. At St Probyn's, Probationer Taylor, we do not stand for any sort of slipshod behaviour. That is the first lesson we have to learn. Come on, sharply please.'

Kneeling on the bed and hoisting her skirt again. Her collar, and the stockings. Hadn't Monica known? But maybe you got caned anyway here. For something or other. That was why they wouldn't talk about it, weren't allowed to talk about it. Teresa's hands were doing what they had to do. Pulling down her knickers. Baring her bottom. For that...



It was in Mr Canfield's hand now. The cane. Teresa's bottom bare: her skirt up round her waist, her knickers lowered to the tops of those patterned stockings.

'Move the pillows, Nurse. Place them in the middle of the bed and lie down with your hips over them.'

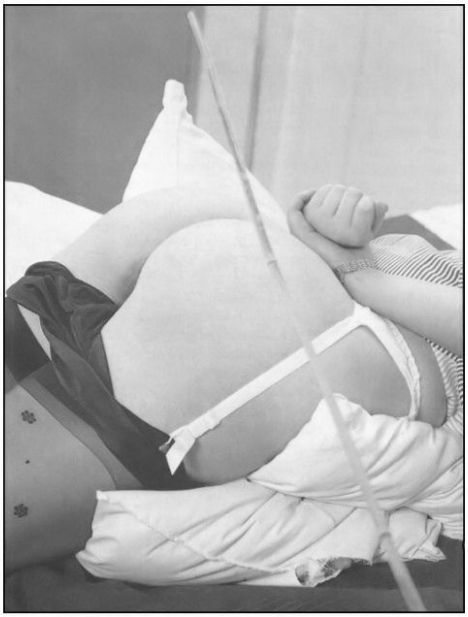
'Please…' The word coming out although she knew there was no point in arguing. Mr Canfield was going to do it. Yes. She yelped as the cane came out and cut across the bare back of her thigh. A red hot, stinging pain. '*Do it*, Nurse.'

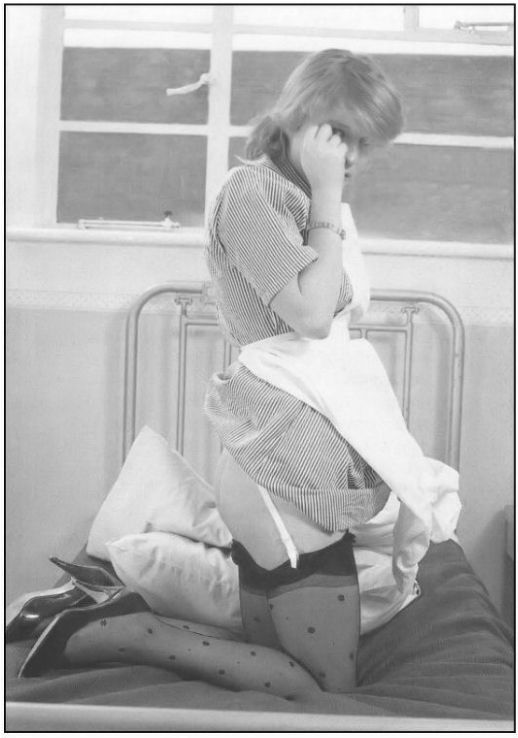
Lying down. Face down on the bright blue blanket. Her bottom exposed, raised up over the two gleaming pillows. Mr Canfield taking her hands, to put them together behind her back.

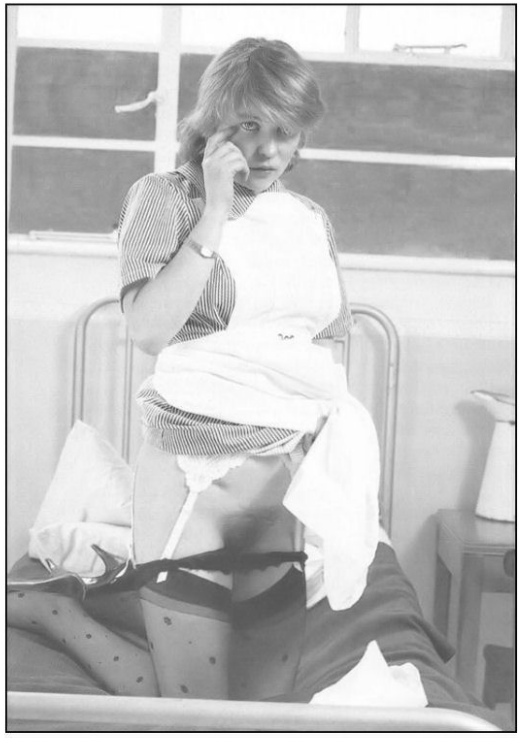
'Keep the position, Nurse. Keep your hands together. I do not want them reaching for your bottom as soon as I put the cane to it. And I don't want you diving around like a landed fish. Understand, Nurse? It is an exercise in discipline.'

She gripped her hands together. This was what they wouldn't tell you about, weren't allowed to tell you about. St Probyn's Penitentiary. The bare cheeks of her bottom automatically clenching. Her mind had difficulty taking it in. That Mr Linford and now this. On her first afternoon here. There were two weeks, you had a two-week stay. At St Probyn's Penitentiary…

'Arrrggghhh! Noooo…'







FUTURISTIC NURSE

'What are they like, Matron? Anything promising?'

Mr Clinber was referring to the new intake of student nurses. He was Registrar of Students and thus had a proper professional interest — apart from any personal one he might have. And of course Mr Clinber did have a personal interest, most people at St Audlin's were aware of that. But the fact that Arnold Clinber had a connoisseur's appreciation of the physical attributes of a nubile young nurse and took a personal hand in the training of the choicer individuals was not seen as a problem. No, it could indeed be argued that this made him better at his job and more likely to ensure that St. Audlin's turned out the docile, well-trained product that clients demanded.

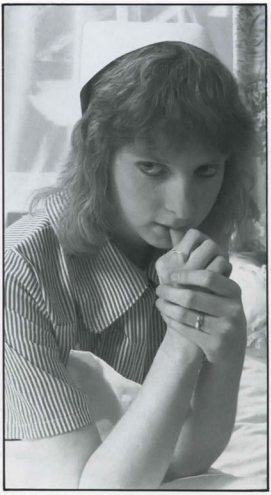
Marta Helman, Matron at St. Audlin's said, 'Mostly Grade Three potential I should think, Mr Clinber. But...a couple of them are probably better than that. Two or possibly three. One of them I should think certainly.'

It was the possible Grade Ones and Twos that Mr Clinber would be most interested in naturally. Grade Threes would mostly finish up in the public hospitals. Grade Twos and especially Grade Ones would go on the private market and would command good prices when they had finished their training. It was essential that girls therefore reached their highest potential in terms of grade. So naturally Mr Clinber had a proper professional interest in them — apart from anything personal.

'Good. I shall want to see them as soon as possible, Matron. Can you sort that out?'

'Of course, Mr Clinber. I have the list here and I've ticked the ones. You...ah..will want to see them separately of course.'

Marta Helman knew she didn't need to ask. Of course he wanted to see them separately, and right at the beginning. They needed to be aware from the outset what the situation was: the fact that they were going to get the individual attention of Mr Clinber. Marta Helman thought ruefully back to her own training. She had graduated Grade Two, not from St. Audlin's but another establishment but equally she had received a lot of unpleasant attention from her instructors. That was ten years ago. She was still very attractive but fortunately Mr clinber was not interested in very attractive 28 year old blondes. It was those softly rounded, soft-eyed innocents of 18...



Jane Smith.

Mrs Helman had put a tick and an asterisk as well against her name. Jane was the one she meant when she said, 'One of them I should think certainly.'

Soft blonde hair and big soft blue eyes; a lovely figure with in particular a gorgeous pouting bottom. Marta Helman had observed the latter when Jane was getting fitted with her uniform. That bottom alone could make the girl a Grade Two at least: a bottom like that was a major selling point. Under Jane's uniform as she now stood in front of Mr Clinber for the first time her bottom was displayed in a very sexy pair of black nylon knickers: very brief, so that they actually only covered about half of the gorgeous bottom, and of transparent net material too. These knickers had been provided by Mrs Helman especially for Jane's interview. Strictly speaking of course it wasn't true to say that Jane's bottom was displayed at the moment but very shortly it would be: when Jane was told to lift the skirt of her uniform dress up round her waist. At this moment, standing in front of Mr Clinber in his office, Jane did not know she was going to have to do this; to raise her skirt and

reveal that splendid bottom and the skimpy sexy knickers.

Jane didn't know that but she knew about the different grades of nurses, as everyone did. If you were considered attractive you could be assigned to the private sector. Jane wasn't herself sure if she would be attractive enough for that or not — she did not appreciate how superbly attractive her bottom was to male eyes. But in any case the choice would not be hers. She had chosen to be a nurse, but then the only other choices open to a girl were secretary or shop girl or maid. A nurse assigned to the private sector was in fact not much different from a maid but perhaps it seemed to be preferable. A secretary was of course likely to be given a rough time by her boss; while a shop girl could be given a rough time both by her boss and male customers. Anyway Jane had chosen to be a nurse. Arnold Clinber, if he didn't think so already would certainly think this was a most excellent choice when he told this pretty girl to lift her skirt.

Arnold Clinber looked at the girl and then back at the list. Jane Smith. This was the one Marta Helman had been enthusiastic about and she was usually a reliable guide. Yes, the girl did look attractive, with that soft sweet look that was always popular, if the figure was right to go with it. This one looked as if she had a nice enough figure. He got up from his chair to go round and perch on the corner of his desk, up close to the new recruit. She looked nervous, somewhat scared, in her new starched pale blue dress and white apron. She had only arrived yesterday so it was all new and no doubt scary. Had she been told any scary stories yet by the nurses already here?

His hand reached out and gently lifted her chin. The big blue eyes met his: as big as saucers and looking like a frightened cat's. He could feel she was shaking. Not that he was a frightening looking man: amiable looking was an accurate description of 55 year old Arnold Clinber — although of course that description did not reflect what he could do to an 18 year old student nurse. All in the interests of training naturally.

He smiled. 'You look a little unhappy, Nurse Smith. A little bit frightened perhaps. Yes?'

His hand came away from the quivering chin. The soft pink mouth hesitatingly opened. 'A…a bit, Sir.'

and an equally sexy black suspender belt for the black stockings. The hand now came away.

'Lift your skirt please, Jane. Right up round your waist. Let me have a look at you.'

She hesitated for just a moment and then did it. There was no thought of course of disobeying, of refusing. Girls nowadays knew that they must submit to male authority. Not like those anarchic times back in the 1970s and 80s when they at times seemed to act like wild creatures and got away with it. Nowadays they are taught the merits of discipline in school but even more they are taught it when they leave school and begin training in one of the areas of work prescribed for unmarried girls. Is a nurse's training any more demanding than in one of those other areas? Not necessarily. A young trainee secretary can be caned at secretarial college; a maid will certainly be caned during her training. Probably the same goes for a shop girl. So Jane Smith knows she will have to accept discipline. And if she is told to lift her skirt up round her waist…

Mr clinber eyed the front view. Splendid! The black stockings with their taut

'Some of the nurses been talking to you, I suppose. Is that it? Frightening stories about training?'

The big blue eyes briefly met his again, then quickly turned down towards the floor. 'A…a little bit, Mr Clinber.'

Mr Clinber's hand that had been holding Jane's chin now came back again. This time to brush lightly over the top of the starched apron, where it was pinned up to her dress. Across Jane Smith's soft boobs in fact. She trembled but stood still. 'Stories about the cane, Jane. Is that it?'

Her breath came out in a little nervous gasp. The hand…and what he had said. Mr Clinber's fingers were now openly feeling one boob. 'Y…Yes.'

'Well the cane is necessary, Jane. A nurse has to submit to training, to being disciplined. All nurses but especially one who may attain one of the higher grades. It's nothing to get worried about.'

His hand was still squeezing Jane's boob. There was the white apron and the dress but nothing under that. No bra. Not for her visit to Mr Clinber. Just those sexy knickers under her dress

darker rims, the slim straps of the black suspender belt against the pale bare flesh of the upper thighs. The thighs and hips are softly rounded. 'Turn round,' he tells her.

Ah. Look at this. Look at this! Jane's surging buttocks. Their ripe swell for the most part uncontained by the brief black triangle of the knickers. What a bottom! Marta Helman didn't say but this was clearly what she meant about this lovely young nurse. There was not much doubt that this was a Grade One bottom. After its owner had been properly trained of course. Arnold Clinber's hand was lightly on it. Trembling Jane makes little gasping sounds...

'Absolutely lovely, Nurse. And are these your own knickers? Or supplied by Matron?'

'M…Matron,' she stutters.

'My my. In these knickers your bottom is almost too much, Jane. Yes, almost too much. You haven't any knickers of your own like this then?'

Jane stammers No. She hasn't. She wouldn't dream of wearing knickers like this but when Matron told her she had to wear them, well, she had to. Having to stand like this with her skirt round her waist showing Mr Clinber the knickers plus also the large areas of bare bottom the knickers left was quite simply torture.

'Are you a virgin, Jane.'

A little moment of shocked silence. While Mr Clinber's hand continued toying with Jane's mostly bare bottom. Finally a barely audible Yes.

'Speak up, girl. You mustn't whisper.'

'Yes Sir.' More audible this time.

'Good. We'll have to check of course. That's routine.' His hand gave the ripe

bottom cheek a firm squeeze. 'Good'. Then briskly slapped it. 'Right, Nurse. You can drop your skirt now. I should like to see you in Room 101. In five minutes time. All right? Anyone will show you where it is if you don't know yet.'

* * *

New Student Nurse Jane Smith found Room 101, without any trouble. A small room like a private patient's room with the main item of furniture being a bed. On this bed was a cane. Jane looked at it and felt slightly sick. Weak at the knees. Closing the door behind her and trying not to look at it but the cane seemed to draw her eyes like a magnet. Mr Clinber was going to come in…and cane her bottom with that dreadful thing. Weak knees or not she felt the wild urge to run to the window and open it and climbe out…It was a momentary panicky urge which she would never dream of acting on. You couldn't run away from training. And the fact of the cane wasn't really a new idea. If she had faced up to it she had had a pretty good idea that there would be caning but she had tried to avoid the idea, keep it out of her mind. But of course basically things didn't work like that. Not hinking about them didn't

mean they wouldn't happen. And it was going to happen now. In just a minute or two…

In just a minute or two Mr Clinber came in. Quietly closing the door behind him. 'Good. Give me the cane, will you, Jane.' It seemed to feel red hot as she picked it up and handed it to him. Mr Clinber fixed it in his two hands, then swished it through the air. 'Had it before, have you?'

She shook her head, feeling really sick now. Feeling also that she needed urgently to go to the bathroom. Squeezing her knees together.

Mr Clinber giving another swish with

the cane. 'It hurts of course. It's meant to. But the pain doesn't last for a long time. Or so I understand. Anyway I shall give you a spanking first, the caning will come afterwards. So get on the bed please. I want you kneeling on it with your head right down and your skirt up over your back.'

Jane does what she is told. What other choice does she have? Kneeling on the bed and pulling her skirt and apron up round her waist and then bending down, her face and arms down on the

bed cover. Mr Clinber adjusts her clothes, ensuring that Jane's skirts are well clear of the target area. Which is of course this marvellously soft, ripe bottom. Arnold Clinber is not sure when he has last had one quite as delectable as this. Delicately, with the hands of an artist or surgeon (which Mr Clinber is not, he is merely a man with a great appreciation of girls' bottoms in an ideal position to indulge that appreciation), delicately Arnold Clinber draws down these sexy knickers. They do indeed gild the lily — but the lily, when the brief black garment has been eased free of these ripenesses, has no need of gilding. No indeed. The knickers are down at the stocking tops now. Mr Clinber's hand lightly traces the warm, swelling, trembling surfaces. And then...

'Get the knees apart a little, Nurse.'

Without really thinking, Jane shuffles her knees apart. Her thoughts are centres on that cane which is now on a chair at the side. Her bare bottom is going to be spanked first which will be awful, no doubt painful and certainly awful, but it is primarily that cane that is filling her mind. That cane...

'Nnnngh....!' A gurgling, half-stifled yelp into the bed cover. Accompanied by a violent jerk of her hips, of that lovely bottom. Because Mr Clinber's hand has gone in between the now parted thighs. Gone in...and taken hold of her...

'Keep still, Nurse. Just relax. I merely want to get your worked up a bit first. The cane is much more effective if a girl is worked up first. So just relax. Open your legs a little wider so I can get my hand on it properly...'

Is all this normal, or necessary? In the training of a nurse. Or is this Mr Clinber not simply taking advantage of his position to indulge in his own pleasures? The answer is no. He is indulging himself but it is in line with what is required. Because nowadays a nurse in the private sector, one of the Grade Ones or Twos who will go to a private household, will not strictly speaking be employed as a nurse. Her actual training in nursing will not be great. She will be more of a toy, a plaything, for the master of the house — plus also for any friends, acquaintances, guests, etc he chooses to allow access to her. In this context the term 'nurse' is something of a euphemism — although she will probably be wearing her nurse's uniform most of the time. Unless the master of the house

decides he wants her kitted out in something more exotic — and of course those times when she is wearing nothing at all. But having a 'nurse' in the house sounds nice and respectable. A wife need not feel embarrassed by her presence whereas if her husband was merely keeping a girlfriend of some sort — well, that would clearly cause problems. No, a nurse, a pretty and shapely nurse, is a highly desirable acquisition. A status symbol in fact. Especially one as comely as this Jane Smith.

Jane is now having that lovely bottom spanked. Crisp, hard splats of Mr Clinber's large hand. He has finished his 'working up' session which has left Jane, in spite of herself, gasping and groaning. She is gasping and groaning and yelping too now. Shortly the sounds she emits will be even more desperate and urgent. When that cane begins its work. A girl's first taste of the cane is always a most traumatic experience.

TELL ME IF IT HURTS

Dear Sue,

I was glad to get your letter and to learn that you are enjoying your first year at Secretarial College. Can't wait to do the same myself, but of course I shan't be eighteen for a few months yet. That Mr Brown who teaches you commercial subjects sounds to be a real tarter. It didn't take him long to get your knickers down, did it? Knowing you I am sure that your walloping was well deserved. You never were too numerate, were you?

Remember old Grace, the one who taught us English and was our Careers Master? I bet you're glad to have left his cane behind you (pardon the pun). Remember how the two of us made a big point of sitting in the front row of his class so that we could turn him on with flashes of your tits and my knicks? Of course it was wicked of us to egg him on but still if we were able to give him a cheap thrill it certainly livened up our class, didn't it? I think both of us liked to give him a "rise"; see what I mean?

Ever since you left, Mr Grace seems to have taken a shine to me, and his little cuddles, 'slap and tickles' he calls them, have stayed me in good stead. Mind you his slaps have to be pretty circumspect as only the Head was allowed to indulge in the botty warmer. Still, if old Grace's slaps are strictly forbidden, his cuddles, as you will remember, come into a different category. "Entre

nous", I find his forrays at what he calls my 'erogenous zones' quite a giggle. Thanks to Mr Grace I reckon that I could pass any exam in the Theory of Sex with a starred first. As to the practical side, well we are getting there!

This term Mr Grace has put me in charge of the tuck shop store. He and I take stock every week. Remember how dark and spooky it is in there? Mr Grace insists on helping me so that he has plenty of opportunity to indulge in his cuddles. He sets a tariff for any stock which goes astray. One Mars bar gets him a feel at my titties, two a grope above my stocking tops and so on. At the moment I have my eyes on a 'ginormous' box of Black Magic!

Last week he called me into his study for a session on Career Development, as he calls it. I could sense that something was up because he was so nice and friendly. "Sit down Mandy" he said. "What will it be? The good news first or the bad?" "Perhaps the good news Mr Grace."

Mr Grace positively beams. "Well my gal, I have got you the promise of a job; Dental Receptionist with Mr Jones, an old friend of mine: good pay, easy hours, uniform supplied and a bonus. Well Sue that was good news, wasn't it?" I already saw myself in the job: very professional and cool. Medical almost...and the uniform! White shoes, white cotton stockings and nylon overall which I could wear short to give those dishy male patients a flash of my bum.

"You mentioned the bad news, Sir?"

"Ah yes," Mr Grace opens the drawer of his desk and takes out the dreaded black mark book. "Better have a look at this." Well of course I could guess the worse. Perhaps my behaviour this term has left something to be desired. Grace opened the book at my page. Well all those black marks made it look as if it was suffering from the plague. Absence: three black marks; Impertinence: two; Bad Language: nine and so on. There's no need for me to tell you how bloody unfair those black marks can be. Grace always marks me down as absent even when he quite well knows where I am. In the loo having a quick drag at a ciggy to calm my nerves, or giving myself a little consolation after one of his bare-botty beatings in the tuck-shop. As for Bad Language, wouldn't even the best brought up girl come out with a few "Fs" and "Bs" and "J.Cs" when Mr Grace's horney hand comes down as hard as it does on my bare bum? But was Mr Grace to be mollified? No way!

"I see," and Mr Grace pauses "I see that your record is not particularly good". Well even I have to admit

that it is particularly bad.

"Now," Mr Grace pauses and removes his left hand from the bad marks book and his right hand from my stocking tops respectively.

"Matter should of course be reported to the Head. Miss Carter is the one who will have to give you the reference, but with so many black marks against you, how could she? Pity though – would have liked you to have had the job; Dental Receptionist – much sought after, excellent pay, free uniform. As for Mr Jones, most generous employer."

I could see that with my history of bad marks the prospect of the job was disappearing fast. I really fancied it. I was going to lose out on the free uniform: slinky white stockings – not tights – dinky white cap to show off my blonde curls and the mini overall. I knew I would like working for Mr Jones – generous with his pay. It sounded like a doddle. The alternative? Some dull job as a grotty shop assistant! What a come-down and all because of those bloody rotten bad marks!

"And what do you suggest Mr Grace?" Grace puts on his best Careers Master face.

'Well, suppose; just suppose, that I take a risk and do not tell the Head of the horrendous bad marks; lose the page and write up another one? Well then, good reference from Miss Carter and the job is yours.'

"And, sir?"

"Dangerous for me, of course; very dangerous; dereliction of duty and all that."

"And for me Sir?"

"Well, for you, job's saved but fair's fair. Cost you."

No need for me to ask what the cost was to be as Grace takes a broad ruler from his drawer and places it on the desk top. Well, Sue, what would you have done, Been reported to Miss Carter, lost the job and still have botty warmer from the Bitch? No way!

"Well, that's settled is it?" asks Grace, taking my silence as assent. "Get these off, shall we?" and he pulls me towards him between his opened knees. Behind, I feel his hands run up to the knicker elastic at my waist. In front I feel his thing, hard and threatening against my front.

So it was to be on the bare? Silly girl, of course it was to be on the bare! What else was Grace's ploy of bad marks and references but an excuse to get my knicks down and get his evil way with my bum? Grace stands up and moves behind me. I feel his hands at the belt of my wrap-over skirt and it falls to the ground. Thank God that Mum always insists I wear fresh underwear each day. As she says, "you never know when you may meet with an accident!" Reckon from the sound of Grace's breathing behind me that Mr Grace is the one most likely to have the accident! Truth to tell, new pale blue bikini pants are very, very brief. Mr Grace always gets very horny in the gloom of the tuckshop. Now in the full light of his study there can be little left to his imagination.

"Leave that on, I think." Well big deal! With tie blouse, skirt and my knickers piled on the desk, my vest wasn't concealing much. Revealing, you might say. Barely level with my belly button. The more I pulled the material down over my front the tighter the cotton pressed against my tits.

Does your Mr Brown have you just in a vest?

With my vest flapping vaguely around my waist, Grace has grabbed me by the pony tail of my hair and positions me over the back of his red leather armchair.

"There we are young miss; over the back, legs apart, tum down and bum out." I feel the cool of Grace's ruler run up the back of my thighs till the edge catches under the crease of my bottom.

Crack; "Oooo...aaggghhhh! That friggen well hurts!"

Crack; I turn my head and see Grace, with all the time in the world, raise his right arm again and carefully sight the point of impact.

Swish; and the next swipe falls on the very summit of my bottom.

"Oooooohh Christ-on-a-bike!" and this stroke cuts in an inch below the one before.

Crack; "Oh no that hurt..." Grace's last swipe was the daddy of them all.

"Now that wasn't too bad, was it?" Well of course, it was alright for him, wasn't it! He hadn't had to go through it like I had. Give him his due; I think that Grace was quite proud of me. He led me to his sofa. "Must say that you took you tanning pretty well. Spunky little gal aren't you?" Funny thing today, in the circumstances, I thought, but you can guess, Sue that all things came out for the best. Mr Grace got his bonus, I earned myself the box of Black Magic and tomorrow I am off for the interview with Mr Jones and that super job as Dental Receptionist.

Keep me up to date with your business studies and the dishy Mr Brown.

Yours affectionately.

Mandy

Dear Philip,

So glad to hear that your practice continues to prosper. You

have obviously learnt the secret of this tooth pulling business. National Health gives us the bread and P.P. and S. R. the butter! P.P. (Private practice) provides the cash while S. R. (Sexy receptionist) brings in the patients and, hopefully, gives us relief after a hard day's work.

Sad to say Desiree the dizzy blonde receptionist of mine has departed for better things — Harley Street — no less. Fortunately Grace the career master at the local girls school has turned up trumps. He shares our taste for the young fillies and has come up with a replacement, a certain Mandy Masters — sweet sixteen and never been done, well not all the way and thats for sure.

Grace, I am glad to say is one of the old school. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is very much part of his philosophy so that I was delighted to receive a telephone call from him on the very day that Desiree handed in her notice. 'Got a young gal on my books looking for a job, bright as a penny and with all the attributes,'

'Attributes'? I queried.

Crace chuckles at the end of the line.

'34 — 28 — 34 and developing.'

'Well you know I need someone with a good presence and a bit of class for my practice.'

Grace as always had his answer off pat. 'Brunette, nice figure, tits and a bum to make a god sin.'

'Good voice, well turned out and...' there was a pause 'willing.'

Discipline?' I queried 'Needs it and expects it.'

'Well...' I sounded doubtful, although the specifications were perfect.

'Look here Charles, when did I last let you down?' Known each other for twenty years and just think of the number of young beauties I have sent you.'

Of course Grace looks after his own interests but I must admit he delivers the goods.

Just imagine, Philip, how lucky those dominies at a girls school are. You and I have to be satisfied with one, or possibly two young ladies on our staff while a lucky devil like Grace has a positive harem of eager young Lolitas to brighten his day and most of them no better than they should be so I surmise. The upshot of the matter was that the next day just as I had shut up shop there was a sharp 'rat tat' at my surgery door. I opened it and standing there was my interviewee, Mandy Masters. As soon as I saw her I knew that I had a little corker.

'I'm Mandy come about the job.'

'Come in Mandy.' I indicated my surgery at the end of the hall. I motioned her into a low chair where from over my desk I could observe her. I lounged against my desk. It was a convenient position from where I could look down at Mandy. The chair was a low one. She made herself at ease. One leg was raised and crossed over the other so I had a clear view down her thighs, above the dark top of her stockings to the pale patches of flesh crossed by ribbon thin suspenders.

Mandy was, as Grace had promised, well developed for her age. Her Saint Olaves tie only served to accentuate the lines of her white freshly laudered shirt top. Nascent tits firm as apples strained against the material so that I could see the dark nubbins of her nipples. Sheer grey stockings set off coltish legs while the black pleated mini skirt emphasised her curvesome buttocks.

How I got through the interview I shall never know. Mandy's cool blue eyes met mine. I blessed the desk top which seperated us and concealed the tumesence of my member which tent poled against my flies.

Wages, hours and holidays were soon disposed of and then we came to the question of uniform.

Now Philip, as you well know there can be few outfits more attractive and more exciting then the outfit of a dental receptionist, I suspect that many of my nervous male patients only make their six month visits to my surgery so that they may be able to letch my receptionist. Of course I make sure that they are pretty.'

'Mr Brown is it?' 'May I take down your particulars?'

Brown sweats it out as the pretty blonde fills up his card. Well of course Mr Brown would have to be a Saint not to thrill at the cleavage of Miss X's tits. 'Come this way' and the sight of

Miss X's stocking tops have caused more than more of my suscepible patients to have an accident before they have entered my surgery door!

The question of the uniform is soon out of the way.

'And what my dear will you be wearing to work?'

'Well old Grace, sorry, Mr Grace, told me that the uniform came with the job. And the bonus sir?'

Did Mr Grace mention the bonus? Well of course Grace had mentioned the bonus. 'I suppose that you could do with the bonus now? I felt in my pocket and pulled out a brand new £20 note.

'Have to earn it though.' On the desk I placed the note. Besides it I put my cane which I kept in the top drawer of my desk.

'On the bare sir'?

'Of course silly girl. Where else but on the bare? Not shy are we? After all I am a medical man. Good thing really. Get your togs off and we can combine the bonus with your examination.'

'Examination?' Every minute Mandy was looking more puzzled. 'Health examination of course. This new job of yours will be very demanding.' In more ways than one I foresaw.

Well, Philip the suggestion of the Health examination was a bit of a con. But after all we both passed our First M.B. Remember all those squirming frogs and the dissection of the horrible dogfish? Frankly at this stage of the interview I was beside myself to get the divine Mandy Masters stripped of her clothes and I reckoned that the combination of a Medical and the earning of a bonus would obtain the end. The Medical went like a dream. The St Olaves uniform was soon off. Diplomatically I had turned to the papers at my desk. There was the rustle of cloth. I swung my chair around to find Mandy quite naked before me.

As my eyes ran over her so did my hands. I palmed Mandy's thrusting breasts, checked that the abdomen was firm and fingered the fair tendrils of her pubes. Manually I checked on Mandy's rear quarters. The explorations of her buttocks and the join of her private parts confirmed that whatever liberties Grace may have taken with this young darling, the vital parts of the gal in question were all there.

'Well I suppose that you could now do with the bonus'? Buy you a few pretty things and take you to the disco eh?'

Mandy swallowed, 'well yes sir, I could do with the bonus.'

'Today then I shall give you six. Mr Grace tells me that you are a spunky kid, used to discipline. Today may be just a little reconnaisance.'

I switched on the overhead spot. Well Philip it was a sight for a king.

Now we were ready for Mandy to earn her bonus. Firmly I positioned my cane across the overhang of her bum. I was to give her as promised six cutting swipes. One — and I caught her full on target at the summit of her cheeks.

'Oooogh! Aagh! That hurts.'

'Swish' and the cane sank into her flanks as a hot knife into lard.

'Crack! Aaaaheeow!' and Mandy's legs scissored wildly apart.

'Fugging hell! That hurt.' The cane whistled down. This time a miss-hit gets her fleshy mid-thigh 'Oooh; Jeeesuuus Christ!' Mandy's mild schoolgirl blasphemies are music to my ear. The pain is getting through.

'Aagh! Oogh! No more please no more.' But Mandy has to earn her bonus doesn't she? The sixth and last strokehas to be the Daddy of them all.

'Eeeegh — aaagh — Christ on a bike.' Mandy gasped with a Bunter like shriek as up under whistled the stick to catch her in the tenderest part of a girls anatomy. Now it was all over.

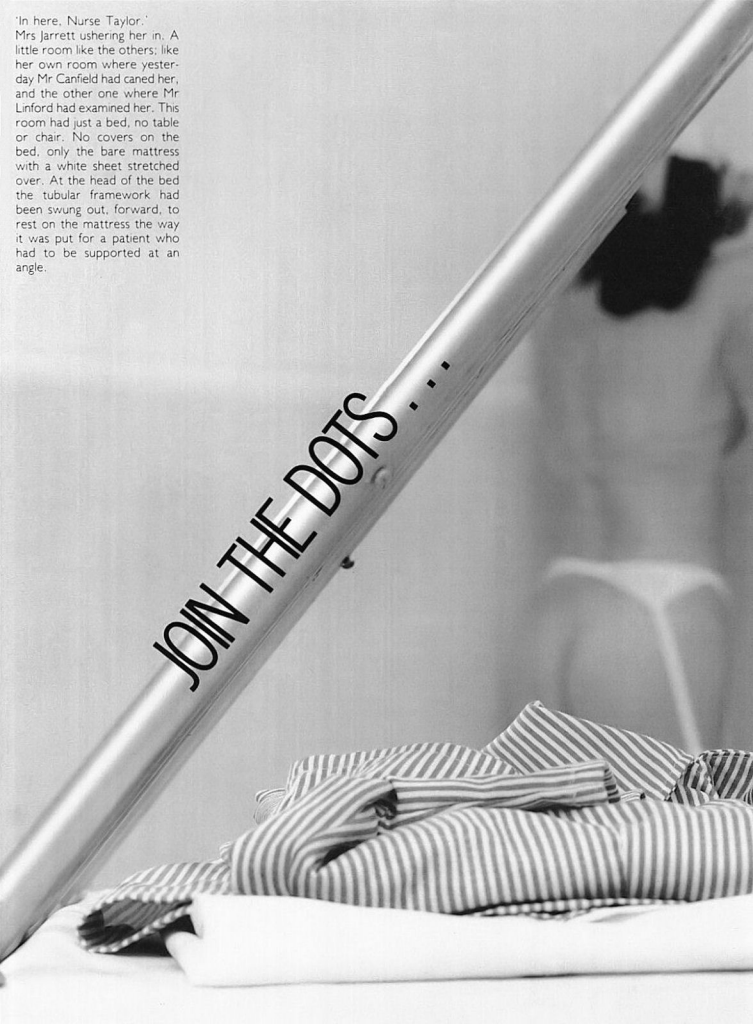
'Well that was not too bad was it?' I eased Mandy from the couch and placed her beside me. 'Earnt the bonus eh?' Mandy smiled wanly. 'Not much worse than Mr Grace gave you?' Now would you like some cold cream on it?' I stretched out to the cabinet beside me and took out a tube of cream and the foil pack which I kept for such emergencies.

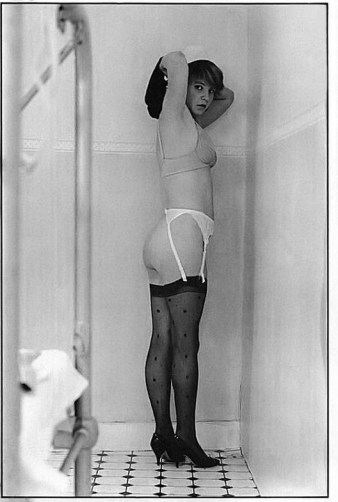
Painful tensions gave way to little gasps. Friday evening had been an experience for us both. Monday morning will be the beginning of a new career for Mandy Masters and I suspect the dawn of a new experience in the art of management for yours truly.

Brian.

†

'In here, Nurse Taylor.'
Mrs Jarrett ushering her in. A little room like the others; like her own room where yesterday Mr Canfield had caned her, and the other one where Mr Linford had examined her. This room had just a bed, no table or chair. No covers on the bed, only the bare mattress with a white sheet stretched over. At the head of the bed the tubular framework had been swung out, forward, to rest on the mattress the way it was put for a patient who had to be supported at an angle.

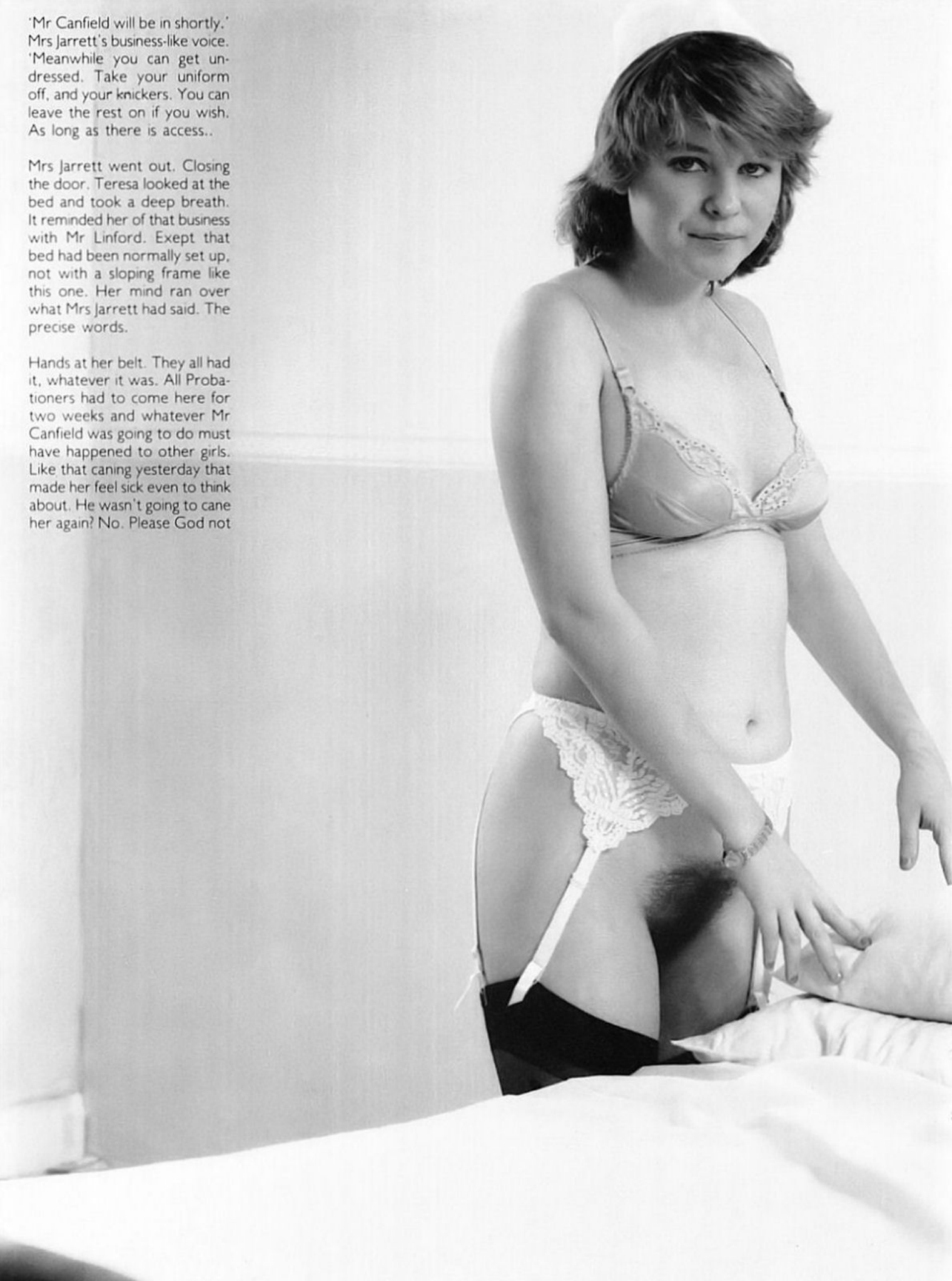




'Mr Canfield will be in shortly.' Mrs Jarrett's business-like voice. 'Meanwhile you can get undressed. Take your uniform off, and your knickers. You can leave the rest on if you wish. As long as there is access..

Mrs Jarrett went out. Closing the door. Teresa looked at the bed and took a deep breath. It reminded her of that business with Mr Linford. Exept that bed had been normally set up, not with a sloping frame like this one. Her mind ran over what Mrs Jarrett had said. The precise words.

Hands at her belt. They all had it, whatever it was. All Probationers had to come here for two weeks and whatever Mr Canfield was going to do must have happened to other girls. Like that caning yesterday that made her feel sick even to think about. He wasn't going to cane her again? No. Please God not



another one like that. And Mr Linford...Thinking again of those last words of Mrs Jarrett. Don't think. Just do what she said. Get your uniform off. And knickers. Don't give him any excuse. You had to obey instructions.

There were four other Probationers here — or that was the number that appeared for supper yesterday and breakfast this morning, with Mrs Jarrett sitting at the head of the table. But you couldn't find anything out because there was no talking allowed at meals. Or anywhere else it seemed. After supper (not very nice stew) it had been back to your room, do an hour's study of the Nursing Manual and then get into bed. 'You will need plenty of sleep,' Mrs Jarrett had said.

Why? What did you have to do? What were *they* going to do to *you*? Mr Canfield. Mr Linford. Anyone else. What was Mr Canfield going to do now?

Teresa had stripped off, as Mrs Jarrett had told her. Down to bra, nylons, suspender belt, high heels. She had just taken her knickers off when the door opened. Her heart began making wild bumps. But he didn't have it in his hand. That had been her main fear, that cane. Instead Mr Canfield was carrying a black leather bag. There was no cane...but what was in the bag?

She was standing, trembling, with her knickers still in her hand, held in front of her. Mr Canfield took the knickers, and told her to stand in the corner with her hands on her head. Numbly she obeyed. He gave her a hard stare, grunted, and went out. Teresa's wide eyes focussed on the black leather bag left on the floor.

Mr Canfield was only gone a minute and then he was back. 'Right, Nurse, shall we start? Get on the bed please.'

Kneeling on a pillow with her upper body supported against the bare metal frame. 'Bend your head right over. Right down. Grip as far down as you can. And spread your knees.'

It was a position reminiscent of that required by Mr Linford. She wasn't upside-down but the way her legs were spread...Mr Canfield was opening his bag. Something. She couldn't really see. Something metal? Shaped like a...? Teresa's mouth opened. Mr Canfield's precise voice. 'Just relax, Nurse. It doesn't hurt, not if you relax. Relax everything.' She made a 'Nnnggghhh' sound. His hands. Sliding up her sensitive inner thighs. And then...that...

'Keep relaxed. Legs nice and wide...'

BEDSIDE MANNERS

'Everything alright, Nurse?' Dr Stevens's eyes smiled at her.

'Yes Sir.' Julie smiled shyly in return. She had only just started at St Marks, for the final stage of her training. It was all new — a bit scary. Matron scared her especially. Dr Stevens seemed nice, friendly, but he was a doctor, an authoritarian figure. And then there were the patients, they could be daunting too. Especially some of the men. They knew she was new and teased her. Because of course she was such an attractive girl.

A lovely girl, Andrew Stevens thought. As he had thought from the first moment she saw her. With those soft corn-blonde curls and the full, ripe mouth and her gorgeous big blue eyes. And not least her lovely figure in the tight white nurse's uniform. Slim-waisted but with firm, pert tits and that rumpy bottom. Yes, definitely the kind of girl to give a man ideas. Hotly arousing ones.

Dr Stevens smiled again. 'Any problems, just come to me, eh?'

Under his white coat his penis had risen, half erect, acknowedging the lovely girl. Surreptitiously he slid his hand over it

He turned away. Under his white coat his penis had risen, half erect, acknowedging the lovely girl. Surreptitiously he slid his hand over it. Nurse Julie Milford he knew was just 18. And those shyly innocent big blue eyes — did they say she had never been fucked ...?

* * *

Mr Ponting. He was the worst, definitely. He had been admitted to the hospital two days after Julie started and from the beginning he was a real handful. A middle-aged man with a smooth bald head and rather staring eyes behind his round spectacles, odd-looking in fact, but of course as a nurse you had to ignore people's appearance and be sympathetic to all, and Julie had been. At least until that first evening when Mr Ponting's hand had snaked out from nowhere and grabbed her bottom. A firm, no-nonsense grab, his fingers digging claw-like into Julie's warm bottom-flesh through her thin uniform skirt.

Julie had leapt away like a scalded cat. **'Aaiieee! Ooohh!'**

Fortunately Mr Ponting was in a private room. Or unfortunately more like it. But at least there had been no one there to see her scarlet-faced embarrassment. She stuttered an indignant protest.

Mr Ponting had only laughed. 'Don't be silly, Nurse. Don't be a silly girl. But we'll forget it this time. I won't make a complaint. I know you're very new. Here ...'

Half recovering but still feeling that hand shockingly groping her bottom, Julie now saw Mr Ponting was holding out a £5 note. 'Come on, take it. I know you young nurses don't make much.'

That had been her big mistake of course. She should never have taken it. You should never take anything from patients, especially men. Certainly not money. But still shocked, her head spinning, Julie had taken it. After protesting that she couldn't. Somehow it was there folded in the palm of her hand as she turned for the door on shaky legs. Going out and thinking now of her red face which everyone must surely see.

Mr Ponting rang for Julie again early in the morning. He wanted a glass of water, he wasn't feeling well he said.

It wasn't clear what Mr Ponting was in for; 'Observation,' Dr Stevens had said. Anyway she had to go in to him, still with that mind-stopping grope of her bottom filling her mind. And the £5 note. She would tell him he had to have it back. But Mr Ponting wouldn't listen. Shaking his head as he sipped the water.

'Don't be a silly girl.' And then he produced another £5. 'Here. Come on, you don't earn much.'

Julie shook her head but he grabbed her arm to pull her closer and stuck the note in the bib of her uniform. And then, grinning, grabbed one of Julie's tits. A full five-fingered grab, the same as he had done to her bottom.

She stumbled back, hot-faced **'Aaoooowwwhh ... Don't!'**

Behind the spectacles Mr Ponting's eyes were staring, taking in every inch of her body. As if he could see beneath the form-fitting uniform.

'Look Nurse, I know you're new. But you've got to learn the bedside manner. Not to be so stand-offish. Now come here.'

'N .. No ...!' Her voice was shaking.

'Come on. Or do you want me to report you? Say that you took some money from me and then got all huffy. Do you want me to tell Matron that?'

Julie was really scared of Matron, a somewhat dragon-like figure. What Mr Ponting was saying was outrageous of course and if he did all Julie would have to do was tell her the truth. But it didn't seem at all that simple confronted with Matron's daunting gaze she would be hesitant, stammering possibly. She wouldn't sound at all convincing, and maybe Matron simply wouldn't believe her but would accept Mr Ponting's story.

'You don't want that, do you?' Mr Ponting repeated. 'So come here. Nice and close.'

Julie shuffled forward. He took her arm, jerking her in close. Then turned her, so that Julie's back was towards him.

Mr Ponting's hand took hold of her bottom. There was the desperate urge to jerk away, as she had before, but this time Julie didn't

She let out a gasp as Mr Ponting's hand took hold of her bottom. There was the desperate urge to jerk away, as she had before, but this time Julie didn't. Mr Ponting held her arm still and his other hand ... was groping her ripe bottom. Clutching a cheek, his fingers deep in the cleft. And then moving; feeling, stroking. As she trembled, like a nervous young horse, a filly being handled at market.

She mumbled stuttered protests — but Mr Ponting of course ignored them. His hand was sliding down the backs of her thighs.

'Tights, Nurse. Eh? I don't like tights. Not at all the thing for a pretty young nurse. Stockings are much nicer. With a nice sexy suspender belt.'

Julie finally managed to get away, but not before Mr Ponting's sickening hand had gone up her skirt. Up the backs of her nyloned thighs. She finally got away, on legs that now felt like rubber. Out of his room and into the corridor. Sure that everyone must know what had happened, what she had stood and let Mr Ponting do, it must be stamped all across her scarlet face. And with Mr Ponting's words tumbling in her mind. She had to go out at lunchtime and buy herself a pair of sheer black nylon stockings. And a sexy suspender belt. That was what Mr Ponting wanted her wearing under her skirt this afternoon.

* * *

She should have refused of course. It was impossible that he could demand that. Julie had tried to refuse — but Mr Ponting had just said that same thing again. He would tell Matron she had taken money from him. So what she had to do was go and see Matron; tell her Mr Ponting was blackmailing her. But she just **couldn't**. So ... Dr Stevens? She could tell him, he had said go to him if she had any problems. But Julie couldn't face that either.

Mr Ponting's buzzer rang almost as soon as she got back. Julie didn't normally go out at lunchtime, it was simpler to eat in the canteen. But today was different. That little boutique in the town. There had been just enough time to get there and back again, carrying the plastic bag. And now, right away, the demanding buzzer, which could not be ignored.

In his room she shook her head. Red-cheeked, stammeringly explaining: yes, she had got what he wanted but she hadn't had time to change, right away. And then come straight back. He grinned. He wasn't feeling at all well. He needed the immediate attention of his lovely young nurse.

Julie felt sick. It was like a nightmare. What was Mr Ponting going to want? What was he planning to do? Stumbling back along the corridor she happened to meet Dr Stevens. He was his usual friendly self.

'Hello Julie. I haven't seen you for a bit. Getting nicely settled in?'

Why didn't she tell him? Blurt it all out ... and her nightmare would be over. She almost found the courage to, but not before Dr Stevens with a final encouraging smile was going off in the other direction. Leaving Julie with no real choice but to go back to her plastic bag of purchases. And then return, to Mr Ponting's room.

* * *

'OK? Let's see then. Do you want to lock the door? And then you can show me. Come here nice and close and lift your skirt. Right up. I can't wait to see what lovely Nurse Milford's got under there.'

Oh yes, it was a nightmare alright. And the further you got in the more impossible it was to turn back, get out. Because now she did have it on.

Everything that Mr Ponting had demanded and which he'd given her four more £5 notes for. The black stockings and lacy white suspender belt with also a matching bra. And a pair of brief and sexy white bikini pants. What would Matron say if she knew Julie was wearing that sort of outfit under her uniform? No, there was no going back. Which meant ...

Mumbling red-faced protestations but doing it. Standing by his bedside and lifting her white skirt. Up! More! To show the darker black rims of the stockings tautly held by the slim suspender straps. Up higher! The pale flesh above. The soft flesh of her bare upper thighs. Mr Ponting's hand reaching out. Julie shuddered ...

'Keep still. That's it. Ooh, aren't you a lovely thing!' His fingers squeezing soft thigh-flesh. 'Get it further up. Come on, right up round your waist.'

Julie was feeling faint. Maybe she was going to faint. She had her skirt right up. Showing everything. The whole of the lacy suspender belt. The brief little white knickers. Plus lots of pale nude flesh. And Mr Ponting's hand was there. On her thigh but moving up. Maybe she was going to faint.

The black stockings and lacy white suspender belt with also a matching bra. And a pair of brief and sexy white bikini pants. What would Matron say if she knew Julie was wearing that sort of outfit under her uniform?

'Keep still, darling ...'

His fingers were there. At the tight crotch of the little pants. Her pussy. One finger stroking in between her legs ... along the line of her entrance ... Julie was going to faint.

But she didn't. Somehow. The hand came away.

'Lovely! Eh nurse? What you've got there. I bet it drives your boyfriend crazy. You have got a boyfriend? I bet he's up it like a jack-rabbit, eh?' He chuckled. 'Anyway now let me have your skirt right up. As high as you can get it. OK? And then ...'

Julie mouthed a shuddering **'No ... ooo!'** His fingers were tugging the little knicks down. **'No ... oo ... Please ...'**

The little knickers tugged on down her thighs. Mr Ponting making a sucking sound with his lips. As his finger slid in again between the tops of Julie's thighs

But they were coming down. To expose the soft medium-blonde bush of her pussy. The little knickers tugged on down her thighs. Mr Ponting making a sucking sound with his lips. As his finger slid in again between the tops of Julie's thighs. Along her bared slit now, already sticky-wet from his earlier attentions.

'Pl ... Please ...' she mouthed. The room seemed to be slipping and sliding about. As Mr Ponting's finger slid in and out. His chuckling voice:

'You like this, eh nurse? Nice? Are you going to come? Yes, I think so. I think you are.'

'Nnnngghhh ..' No! She couldn't! But her hips were moving. She couldn't help them. Moving to and fro on his searching finger. She couldn't, but ...

* * *

That same evening. The buzzer having gone again. Mr Ponting's buzzer of course. Back in that little room where earlier ... It couldn't really have happened, could it? She must have imagined it.

'Lock the door,' Mr Ponting said. 'Naughty nurse! What would Matrron say if I told her? But I'm not going to tell her. Well, I don't think so. But we've got to have something, haven't we? For being so naughty. So sexy! Yes, I'm going to smack your pretty bum, that's what. So take your things off. Your skirt and the blouse.'

'No! Please!' Julie looked desperately around, as if there might be some hidden escape route. But of course there was no escape, not since she took that first £5 note.

'Come on. Silly girl. I want you with your things off. And then here, over the bed. I'm going to take your knickers down and give that bum a good spanking. Unless of course you'd rather I went to Matron. Yes?'

Julie shook her head. Feeling as if she might burst into tears at any moment.

'Come on then. Get it moving. And afterwards ... maybe I'll bring you off again. You'd like that, eh? Yes, you really love that, naughty Nurse Milford.'

Dr Stevens gave her a friendly smile and Julie produced a forced one in return. What did he want? It was two days now since that first time with Mr Ponting. The two first times. First him bringing her off as she stood at the side of his bed and then later that same day with just about everything off over his bed. That first mind-stopping spanking. There had been two other spankings since. And the rest, the other stuff. What was she going to do? She couldn't stop Mr Ponting, couldn't refuse him. But at least no one knew. Not Matron or any of the other nurses. Or Dr Stevens.

Dr Stevens. Julie stood facing him in his room. He was sitting at his desk; with the door closed behind them. He had asked her to come and see him, she had no idea what for.

'Nurse ... Julie. Yes I just wanted to see you. A little chat. Come round here, will you? Next to me. That's it. Yes. It's Mr Ponting. Mmm ...? I think we know what I'm talking about.'

'Do you want to go and lock the door, dear?'

What? She could hardly think, her head was in a complete spin. **Dr Stevens knew.** Somehow. But he wasnt going to tell, or so he said. Not Matron or anyone else. What? Oh the door. She stumbled over it.

'And then, Julie, perhaps you could take your knickers down. Like you do for our friend Mr Ponting. Yes? Well, right off in fact. Can you do that?'

Could she? He wasn't just asking of course. Not with what he knew. She didn't have any choice. Julie made a little squeaking protest but she didn't have any choice. What ...? Was he going to spank her? Like Mr Ponting. Her bare bottom.

'No ... ooo! No!'

It wasn't spanking. She was bent over his desk. Face down and bottom bared. Her brief knickers right off, her uniform skirt up over her back. Her feet apart.

'No! Please ...!!'

But she couldn't stop him. It wasn't a spanking. It wasn't Dr Stevens's hand. Instead it was his thing. His big erect penis nosing in between her parted thighs.

END

NURSEDAT

'Are you up to date on the computer, Nurse?' Matron's face had a quizzical look.

Joanna said, 'Uh, well…' There was always a strong urge to prevaricate. She knew she wasn't up to date but was not keen to admit it. But you couldn't lie. After a little pause she added reluctantly, 'I suppose I'm not.'

'You must *know,* Nurse.' Matron's voice was brisk and snappy. When you were in charge of the training wing of a large hospital you had to be sharp and organised. 'And if you aren't go and do it now. You know Mr Bingford gets very annoyed about incomplete records.'

'Yes Matron,' Joanne said. Oh Christ. She was not up to date. Almost two weeks. And if it got to two weeks the dreadful thing would start throwing out alarms. So she had better do it. Joanne made a face. Updating on the computer was not the most pleasant task in the world.

'It's all completely impersonal.' That was Mr Bingford's stock statement. Mr Bingford had come to the hospital six months ago with the task of sorting out the records of the trainee nurses. The previous records had apparently been in an awful state, odd bits of paper, frequently getting lost. Once the records

were computerised all that was a thing of the past. But the capacity of the computer was seemingly limitless. And so was its thirst for information. 'Just answer the questions,' Mr Bingford said with a bland smile. 'It's quite impersonal, it's only a computer.'

Yes, but what about all the information it wanted? Private, intimate information. What if...? Joanne — and various other girls — shuddered at the thought of someone getting a print-out of what they were obliged to put in.

'Don't worry,' Mr Bingford said. 'It's completely secure. Your secrets are safe on NURSEDAT.'

NURSEDAT was the name of the programme. *Data Base for the Nursing Staff of St Gregory's Hospital.* It always gave Joanne a nasty shiver when she pressed the key and that word appeared. But there was nothing for it. Do it now and get it over with. She had a spare half hour before lunch.

Down to the basement where the computer room was. She had a vague hope that it might be in use but it wasn't. VACANT the sign glowed greenly on the door. Joanne stepped in and the door clicked shut behind her. Outside the sign would now be red: IN USE.

The cool, low humidity air hit her. Everything had to be just so for the computer, lord of its domain. It was quite a small room and with all the computer's paraphernalia not a lot of space. Enough though. Joanne went self-consciously to the chair in front of the keyboard. There was no one there, no person, but as soon as you were in the room you felt it knew and it was watching you. Humming quietly to itself, its screen with that blue, eerie, at the moment vacant light. 'It's quite impersonal,' Mr Bingford said. And really it was silly to think anything else. But in a way it *was* alive.

She sat down and wriggled her bottom on the chair. It was the computer's chair, an extension of it, so already she was in contact, her bottom, the backs of her thighs, the small of her back, through the thin material of her uniform. Was there now a different pitch to the hum? Unconsciously she wriggled again, then flexed her fingers. Get on with it, she told herself. She pressed the key.

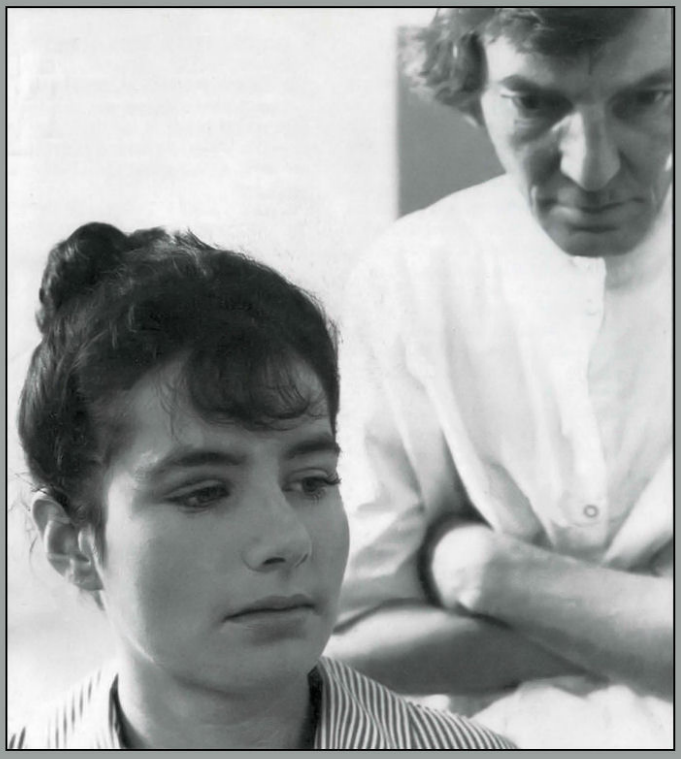
The computer sprang into life. Words on the display:

THIS IS NURSEDAT. Then:

HELLO NURSE. ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD DAY?

Joanne bit her lip. She hated that inane start. It was just the programme but it was made more real by being related to the time of day. After 5 pm it would be: HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD DAY? And before 9 am: HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD NIGHT? Reluctantly she punched in her name. That really got it going. A higher pitched hum plus some whirrings.

HELLO NURSE MARKHAM. HOW ARE YOU? A pause. Then:



YOU ARE NOT WIRED UP, NURSE MARKHAM.

Oh Christ! How could she forget that, that extra little nasty thing. With a redoubled feeling that this machine was alive and watching her Joanne slid her skit up, to the tops of her stockings. She took the wire from its ledge under the keyboard and moved it up between her thighs. It had a little suction pad at the end which had to be placed against a girl's inner upper thigh, above the stocking. It measured skin moisture and electrical conductivity and it was there to check on your answers. A sort of lie detector. 'Because otherwise,' Mr Bingford said, 'a girl might be tempted not to tell the truth. And that would defeat the whole object.'

You could very well be tempted not to tell the truth about some of the questions. Mr Bingford said, 'Don't worry, it will all simply be used for our records.' But even if that were the only consideration, which it wasn't, you certainly didn't want some of those things on the record.

GOOD. THAT FEELS BETTER. NOW WE ARE READY. PLEASE PROCEED, NURSE MARKHAM.

Joanne tried to ignore the suction pad high on the inside of her thigh, but she couldn't. It was like the computer's hand up there, in that secret place between a girl's legs.

13 DAYS SINCE THE LAST INPUT, NURSE. TOO LONG. WE PREFER A WEEKLY INPUT, OR MORE FREQUENT. PLEASE CORRECT THIS FAULT IN FUTURE. THIS IS YOUR SECOND WARNING. THERE WILL BE A DEMERIT.

Joanne had been expecting that. She had been reprimanded for lateness at her last input. She had better not do it again.

DETAILS NOW, NURSE. BEGIN FROM YOUR LAST INPUT; 22 APRIL. USE YOUR DIARY. I HOPE YOUR DIARY HAS BEEN PROPERLY KEPT.

Joanne took the red leather diary from her handbag. Diaries were issued by Mr Bingford and they had to be fully kept up, and not just about hospital matters. Mr Bingford had been explicit about what was to be recorded. It was for the computer. The computer needed all those details. It wanted a complete record.

It began putting specific questions and Joanne answered them, referring to her diary when necessary. These first questions were about purely professional matters and there was no real problem. Attendance; punctuality; duties carried out. Any problems or difficulties. Any reprimands or criticisms, from Matron or any of the doctors.

All of this was all right except that where there were problems, failings, you were going to get demerits. And it was not nice to get demerits. You had to go and see Mr Bingford about them. Joanne did have some failings to record, nothing too major, but they had to be told to the computer. The trouble was that it wasn't too clear how the system of demerits

worked, how they were added up. Mr Bingford knew, of course.

But that was not a problem for now, although going through her diary it did seem to Joanne that there *was* a lot of little things and you couldn't leave them out. Not with the computer's sneaky thing up there on your bare thigh able, it seemed, to know exactly what you were thinking. Joanne wriggled her bottom on the chair. Because they were coming to the end of the job-related questions. And then…

GOOD, NURSE. NOW PERSONAL MATTERS. PLEASE BE SPECIFIC IN YOUR ANSWERS. VAGUE ANSWERS WILL BE REJECTED AND WILL ALSO EARN DEMERITS.

SOCIAL/SEXUAL CONTACT WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX. INPUT NAMES OF ALL CONTACTS.

Oh Christ. Try and remember what Mr Bingford said. 'It's all impersonal.' Yes. But…

Her boyfriend Kevin. The computer knew about him of course, from previous inputs.

NUMBER AND NATURE OF CONTACTS.

They had been to the pictures twice. That was all really. A nurse still in training did not have a lot of free time.

DETAILS OF CONTACTS WITH MR KEVIN FILTON. BE SPECIFIC.

They had just been to the cinema. That was all.

WAS THERE SEXUAL CONTACT IN THE CINEMA? WERE YOU WEARING A SKIRT? WERE YOU WEARING KNICKERS?

Yes she had been wearing a skirt, and of course knickers. But the computer seemed to assume that you wore a skirt so that…

DETAILS PLEASE. WAS THE CONTACT'S HAND UP YOUR SKIRT? DID THE CONTACT HANDLE YOUR SEXUAL PARTS?

No. Kevin hadn't done that. But…he had tried to put his hand up her skirt. And you had to tell the computer everything.

HOW FAR, NURSE? ON THE BARE THIGH ABOVE YOUR STOCKING?

Well…just about.

THE CONTACT WAS ATTEMPTING TO HANDLE YOUR SEXUAL PARTS?

No! Well, I don't know.

ANSWER REJECTED. YOU KNOW THE CONTACT WELL. 93 DAYS OF SOCIAL/SEXUAL CONTACT. THIS CONTACT HAS FONDLED YOUR SEXUAL PARTS BEFORE. PLEASE ANSWER.

Joanne was sweating. What was the computer's sensor making of that? She *didn't know* that Kevin was trying to do what it said. Although presumably if she had let the hand continue…The computer would not be happy until it got that straight simple answer. And so she gave it.

AFTER THE CINEMA, NURSE. DETAILS OF FURTHER CONTACTS WITH MR KEVIN FULTON.

Nothing much. They had sat in Kevin's car. With Joanne in fact all too aware that whatever they did would have to be input into the computer.

DID SEXUAL INTERCOURSE TAKE PLACE IN THE CAR?

No!

DID YOU OR MR FILTON REMOVE YOUR KNICKERS?

No!

PLEASE INPUT ALL DETAILS OF WHAT TOOK PLACE.

Nothing much. Because as usual there had been the awful fear of this, sitting here in front of the keyboard with that nasty thing up her skirt. Some kissing and general smooching. Kevin wanting to do more of course but Joanne pushing him off, refusing.

WAS THE CONTACT'S PENIS ERECT, NURSE?

Hating having to answer, wanting at least to say that she didn't know. But the computer would not accept such an answer.

Yes.

WAS THE CONTACT'S ERECT PENIS AT ANY TIME BARE? DID YOU MAKE CONTACT WITH THE BARE PENIS EITHER BY HAND OR BY MOUTH?

No! No!

Just then Joanne became aware of someone behind her. She gave a little yelp of shock. It was Mr Bingford. He had come silently in and was close behind her looking over her shoulder. How long had he been there? He put a reassuring hand on her arm.

'Hope I didn't surprise you, Nurse. Everything OK?'

Had Mr Bingford been standing there watching these awful questions come up? Joanne shuddered at the thought. No, he *couldn't* have, he must have only just come in. Not that it made a lot of difference. Mr Bingford could get a printout of everything, every girl's complete record, whenever he wanted. All the questions, and all the answers.

She made some sort of reply to Mr Bingford. If he wanted to talk to her she would presumably stop, and continue her input later. That at least would be a great relief. A break from this torture. But…

'All right. Keep going then, Nurse. Complete your input.'

Oh Christ! *Not with him watching.* Yes. The hand squeezed her arm again. Somehow Joanne made herself press the re-start key. Right away the computer was continuing along its one-track way.

PRESUMABLY MR KEVIN FILTON WANTED YOU TO HAVE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE, NURSE?

Oh God!!! Gritting her teeth. Yes.

BUT YOU REFUSED?

Yes.

WHAT THEN. HE WANTED YOU TO MASTURBATE HIM?

Joanne made a little moaning sound. She couldn't lie and she couldn't prevaricate. Yes.

DID YOU MASTURBATE THE CONTACT, NURSE?

No! She wanted to put in a whole frantic string: No! No! No! Mr Bingford's hand was rubbing her arm.

BUT YOU HAVE MASTURBATED MR KEVIN FILTON, NURSE. ON 10 JUNE. IT IS ON THE RECORD.

Oh God. Yes.

ONLY THAT ONCE? NOT SINCE?

No! No! No!

There was nothing else the computer could get out of her about Kevin. Because there was nothing else.

ANY OTHER SOCIAL/SEXUAL CONTACTS, NURSE?

No. But then there it was noted in her diary. Dr Barkley had asked her out last week. She had said No. Trainee nurses anyway were not supposed to go out with doctors.

DO YOU SUPPOSE DR BARKLEY WANTED TO HAVE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE, NURSE?

Joanne shook her head, red-faced. After some seconds hesitation she keyed in: I don't know. For once the computer seemed prepared to accept an indefinite answer.

'Is that it?' asked Mr Bingford, still close behind her. Joanne, close to tears, said Yes. Mr Bingford reached across her and closed out her entry. Then he keyed something else in. There were whirrings and a high-pitched hum.

On the screen appeared: NURSE MARKHAM HAS 16 DEMERITS OUTSTANDING.

Oh Christ! Sixteen! How had she got 16?

'Oh dear, Nurse, that's rather a lot, isn't it? Look, why don't we get rid of some of that right now. Then it'll be over and done with. No point having a large number like that staying on your record.'

Joanne stared numbly at the now blank screen. Her demerits had never been dealt with here before, not here in the computer room. It had always been at Mr Bingford's flat. But...

Mr Bingford's two hands came round Joanne from behind and took hold of her tits. She gave a little squeak as the hands squeezed. If anyone else had done that of course it would have to go on her record. But not Mr Bingford.

'Come on,' he said. 'Get up and slip your knickers down.'

There was not a lot of point arguing. Joanne took the sensor out from up her skirt and put it back on its shelf, then got up. Mr Bingford sat down in her place. There was not a lot of room, but...Her hands went up under her skirt. Tugging down her knickers. Holding up her skirt she got down over Mr Bingford's lap. Mr Bingford's hand fondling her bare bottom. And then...Joanne gave a gasping grunt as his hand cracked hard down.

She got a good hard spanking but even so at the end of it Mr Bingford said that was only worth about five demerits. But they could deal with the rest, he said. Still breathing hard from that very painful spanking Joanna heard Mr Bingford tell her to take her knickers on down. Right off.

NURSING
1995

'What's your schedule this week?' Julie asked. 'We've got to play that squash game remember. Tomorrow lunchtime?'

Arlene shook her head. 'No, not tomorrow. I'm sure not tomorrow. I've got therapy visits morning and afternoon.'

Blonde Julie made a face. 'Lucky you. Those therapy visits can really sort you out. Well I can't make Wednesday or Thursday myself. Oh well. What about your visits? Do you know anything about them?'

Arlene said, 'Yes. Worse luck.'

Yes; she had been told at the end of last week. You couldn't refuse of course, they were part of a nurse's duty. The enlightened modern view. Emotional therapy. Nothing to do with thermometers and physical ailments or injuries. Well, a therapy patient might want you to put a thermometer in his mouth but he wouldn't have a temperature, it would be make believe, and he would probably be playing with your bare boobs as you did it. Emotional therapy. Catering for their fantasies. Modern medicine had decided that this was as important as healing a broken leg. Keep them emotionally healthy. Men of course.

Arlene had grimaced when she was told. Matron had smiled. 'It's the modern view, dear. And we can't argue with that, can we?' There was a visit to a man's house in the morning and in the afternoon there were two men. They wanted a nurse to go on a picnic with them. That should be nice, Matron said. 'A nice picnic. You wear your normal uniform for that. The morning one, he's got his own uniform.'

She had showed Arlene what the man wanted her to wear. His own uniform. Arlene had taken a deep breath. 'Matron, why *me*? Can't someone else? I've done two therapies this week.'

'They've asked for you.' Matron said. 'It's the penalty for being so attractive, isn't it? And wouldn't you rather be going out than doing ward duty? I'm sure some girls would.' Arlene said,

Not *this*.' 'No I bloody wouldn't.

There was a book that they could see and make a choice from. Nurses' details, including a photo. Wearing the proper uniform of course, not some of those awful outfits therapy patients could think up. With a nice winning smile on your face and your chest stuck out. On instructions. Naturally certain nurses in the book, certain photographs, got picked very frequently.

Oh Christ. She hated therapy visits. They weren't all bad of course, some were men simply wanting a chat and a bit of sympathy. But some of the others...This one tomorrow morning was

certainly going to be in that category. I had to be, with the uniform he had produced.

Mr Prinstead. Matron had to go more or less in that direction and she could give Arlene a lift. She would have to get a bus back. After that there would be these other two. Picking her up for the afternoon. What were *they* going to be like? But first of all Mr Prinstead. She had her proper uniform on, under her coat. Mr Prinstead's awful uniform was in a bag. Arlene pictured the separate items. Herself wearing them. Just those items. And then...what?

Putting it on in his bathroom. Taking her own uniform off and putting on these other things, out of her bag. Mr Prinstead downstairs, in the lounge. Call me when you're ready, he had said. And pointed Arlene to the stairs with a familiar pinch to her bottom. He was just an ordinary looking man, fortyish, his grinning face anticipating his little fantasy. His hand reaching for her bottom, the live flesh, to assure himself that this was a real live fantasy that he could act out. Courtesy of his health insurance policy.

An apron was the main item. A little starched white apron reaching to mid-thigh and with a narrow halter above the waist. Narrow enough that Arlene's boobs stuck out on either side. Boobs that were quite bare, for Mr Prinstead's idealised nurse had no other garment above her waist except the apron top. Unless you counted the elasticated cuffs that had to be worn on her upper arms. And of course the cap. A white nurse's cap with a red cross on the front, possibly taken from a child's nurse's outfit.

Below the waist? Well, there was the little apron in front. Black nylon stockings held by pencil-thin straps of a black suspender belt. Black nylon bikini knickers, a brief triangle back and front joined on the hips by wide lacy sections. High-heeled pumps. And that was it.

Arlene looked in the mirror. She had had these things since Friday, thinking about them but not putting them on, not until she had to. She looked at her pink-nippled boobs sticking out on either side of the halter. Yes, it was how she had imagined it all right. Mr Prinstead's dream nurse no doubt. She looked away. She had to tell him she was ready. For what? Whatever it was you were supposed to smile and be co-operative and let it happen. That was therapy. Let Mr Prinstead work out his fantasies and then he wouldn't have any hang-ups or emotional problems. All part of modern private nursing.

He came in, eyes gleaming. A child presented with a marvellous new toy. 'Lovely,' he breathed. 'Really lovely. What d'you think, Nurse? And what lovely tits you've got.'

Don't flinch, don't push him away. He was allowed to touch. Fondle. Therapy. His hands cupping her bare boobs. Give him a nice sweet smile. If this was all he wanted you didn't have a lot to worry about. Not really. Because it could get a lot worse than having your tits played with. Or your bum. One hand had reached round to Arlene's unprotected rear. To that brief little black triangle and the rounded flesh at either side which it did not contain. Don't flinch. Let him do it. That was what you were taught at therapy training school.

The fingers playfully snapped the bikini's elastic top against soft flesh. 'Shall we have them off then, Nurse? Give you a smack bottom?'

Arlene forced another smile. It was best to say as little as possible. If he was going to do it he would do it. And if he was going to do anything else he would do that too.

'Young nurses need their bottoms smacked. At regular intervals. It keeps them up to the mark. Have you had it recently, Nurse?'

She said yes, last week. Twice. That wasn't true, Arlene had had her bottom smacked once last week. And it wasn't going to help anyway. If he was talking about smacking her bottom he intended to do it. Even if she'd had it twenty times last week.

Yes. This was correct. Mr Prinstead sat down on the bathroom stool, and proceeded to pull Arlene across his lap. He was sure she needed another one, he said. The more smacked bottoms a nurse had the better she was going to be. More disciplined. More responsive. As he was saying this he was getting Arlene's bum nicely placed across his trousered thighs. Her head down near the floor and those high-heeled pumps up in the air. The spanking commenced. *Smack!... Splatt!... Slrapp!...* The hard open palm of his hand stinging down. Gasps and grunts. Unavoidable writhings, of hips and bottom especially. Flailing of legs. Try not to cry out, that could sometimes only make it worse.

After a bit the bikini pants were stripped down. The triangle of flesh was revealed as red-pink as the already exposed areas of Arlene's rear, and the backs of those squirming thighs. The spanking went on, Mr Prinstead himself now making little grunts and gasps, with the hard physical effort of what he was doing. His therapy.

Mr Prinstead's therapy. Enduring it, jerking and squirming and making those 'Ooof' and 'Ahhh' sounds, Arlene's mind was not entirely on what was happening. For there was the thought of what further therapy could possibly be required afterwards. Some therapy patients were content with a spanking. Some might even be content with sitting you on their lap and taking your boobs out and playing with them. For others, though, a spanking would merely be a preliminary to

other forms of activity. Forms that were even less welcome than a hard spanking but which nonetheless you had to agree to. Was Mr Prinstead...?

* * *

Waiting for the bus. Mr Prinstead had offered to drive her back but Arlene had declined. She had seen enough of Mr Prinstead. Had enough of him. Politely thanking him, naturally. What had been done had been all allowed. In the bathroom and then afterwards, in his bedroom. There had been nothing that wasn't allowed on a therapy visit. How Arlene had felt about it didn't matter of course. 'Be co-operative and helpful, there is no need to get emotionally involved. Indeed it's better not to.' That was what you were told at training school. 'Be co-operative and receptive. Do your best to help the patient achieve an orgasm if he wishes to engage in sexual intercourse.' Mr Prinstead had achieved an orgasm. He had achieved two. So Arlene could count her visit a success. But all she wanted was to get away from Mr Prinstead as soon as possible, and forget it. Not that you could forget something like that. All part of a private nurse's duties, that was what you had to tell yourself. Like taking his temperature or changing his bed. She had tried to tell herself that on the bed, with Mr Prinstead on top of her. Doing it. Getting his therapy treatment.

The bus eventually came and picked her up. Arlene had her proper uniform on again, with her light coat on top. Mr Prinstead's special uniform had remained at his house. 'Leave it here,' he had said. 'I think I'm going to ask for you again, young lady. You're very good. I'm going to send in a first-class report. So leave the uniform here for your next visit.'

Getting on the bus Arlene tried to forget that too, the fact that Mr Prinstead was going to request her services next week. She should be pleased, gratified. That was what they told you in training school. 'If a patient wants you again right away that clearly means you have done a good job.' Arlene on the bus tried to forget she had done such a good job. There was anyway this other therapy visit right away. This afternoon. Being collected at 2 o'clock by these other two, for a picnic.

Mr Harkings and Mr Biddlecombe. They were both very much like Mr Prinstead as it turned out: ordinary respectable citizens, a similar age, fortyish. Solid law-abiding citizens, pillars of the community no doubt, who had decided they were in need of a little therapy of the sort that their expensive health insurances now entitled them to, the insurance company subscribing fully to the modern medical notion that 'therapy' for men over forty was good for

them, and the healthier the customers were, the less there was to be paid out in insurance claims. They picked Arlene up and drove her out to a pleasant, secluded spot in the country. It was a lovely sunny afternoon, ideal for a picnic.

'A lovely afternoon, Nurse. I should take that uniform off.' Mr Harkings. 'Oh yes,' agreed the other one. 'Everything in fact.'

But Mr Harkings thought Arlene should keep on her nylons and suspender belt. That was agreed. Arlene should strip down to nylons and suspender belt, then lie down on the picnic blanket. She did this of course, without arguing. It was what she was here for: to provide diversion and stimulation for these two men. To co-operate in whatever they wanted. There was naturally a good chance that one or both were going to want what Mr Prinstead had wanted in the morning. If they did Arlene could only agree.

'Lovely!' exclaimed Mr Biddlecombe when Arlene had stripped down and was half lying on the blanket. 'What a lovely figure!' He turned to his friend. 'Well, what should we start with, Roger? A spot of fun or a bite to eat?'

Mr Harkings said, 'Why don't we smack her bum for starters.'

* * *

With Julie busy on Wednesday and Thursday lunchtimes (Thursday involving a therapy visit) Julie and Arlene had tentatively planned to have their squash game on Friday. But then on Thursday afternoon Matron called Arlene into her office again. Arlene guessed what it would be, and it was — for tomorrow, the Friday. In the morning, so she would have no free time at lunchtime.

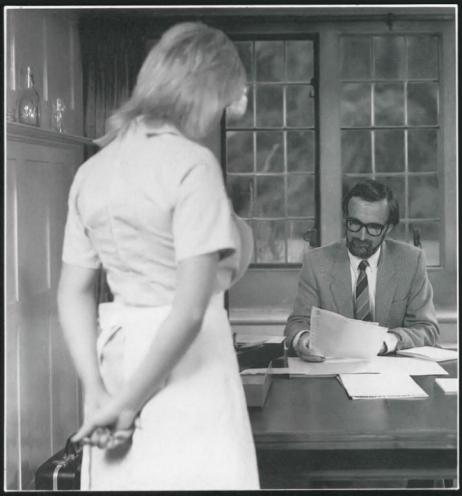
'I don't really know why you make that face,' Matron told her. 'I'm sure if we'd had this sort of thing when I was younger I should have been quite keen. Such a nice break from hospital routine.'

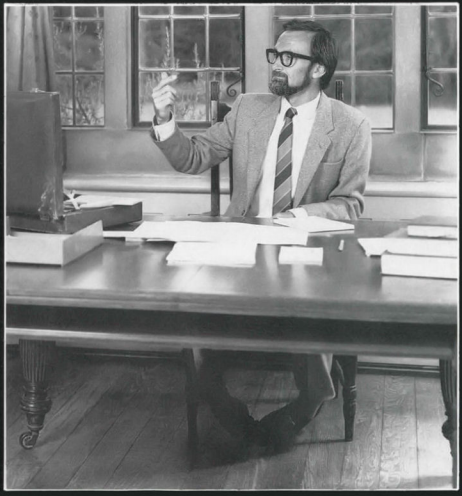
PRIVATE
PRACTICE

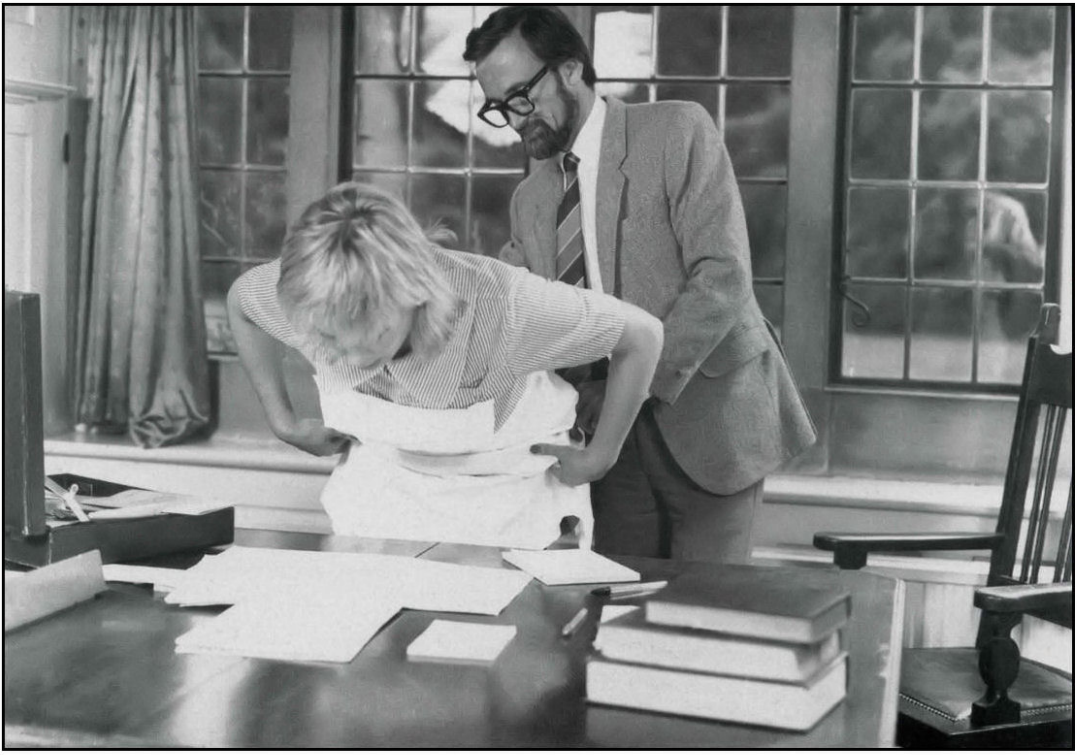
'Things are different in the private sector, Nurse. In addition to the salary of course. We like to think we can show much more concern for the wishes of the patient. Not like the National Health. With us the wishes of the patient are all important.'

That had been Mrs Keenlan yesterday. Mrs Keenlan was Matron. And now Mr Page was saying very much the same thing. Stressing it. Angela says, 'Yes, Mr Page. Yes I understand.'

She is in his study. In his house, a quite grand affair standing in its own substantial grounds out in the country. Presumably this house is a sign that running a private nursing agency is not a bad thing financially. Mr Page is the Director. Of the Paramount Nursing Agency. Angela has just arrived, ten minutes ago, in her little Mini. 'Every new girl has an interview with Mr







Page,' Mrs Keenlan has said. 'He likes to see you at his place. Tomorrow at 5 o'clock.'

So here she is. In Mr Page's study in her uniform dress of narrow blue and white stripes with a starched apron fastened up over the bodice with two safety pins. Fastened up over Angela's firm, full boobs in fact. Because she is a shapely girl with a firm, ripe bust and slim waist and nicely rounded hips.

A pretty girl soft corn-coloured shoulder-length hair. Girls who are taken on in the private sector of course tend to be good-looking and shapely young women. With the salaries that can be offered — and the Paramount salary is very good — they can pick and choose. And if as they state the wishes of the patient are so paramount — as Paramount does — well, male patients, clients, at least will appreciate a pretty face, a well-turned ankle — indeed well-turned bottom and tits as well.

Mr Page is fortyish, tall with a neatly-trimmed beard. A welcoming smile, his hand held out in greeting. So pleased to meet her, etc. Welcome to Paramount. A drink? Sherry…Angela accepts a sherry. Mr Page seems very pleasant and she has been slightly dreading this. For some reason. Angela is somewhat shy. Not desperately so, a nurse cannot be that, but a little shy

of new faces — and authority. But Mr Page…seems all right.

'Yes I like to have a private chat at the outset, Nurse. Angela, isn't it? So we know where we are. You'll find there are…ah…different priorities. It's not the take-it-or-leave-it business of the NHS. Oh no. That won't do at all. Our patients, our clients, pay for a service, Nurse. So we have to ensure they get it. That they get full satisfaction.'

Mr Page is smiling a friendly smile at her. They are sitting on the couch with the sherry and he is half turned towards her. Angela nods. It is what Mrs Keenlan said. Extra special service.

'When you're feeling under the weather, Angela, seeing a pretty face can work wonders. A pretty face and a nice shape under a girl's uniform. So Paramount ensures that. All our girls are selected with that in mind. We take only very attractive girls. Like yourself of course.'

Angela can feel herself flushing slightly. She takes another sip of her drink.

'Pretty girls who are charming and friendly, Angela. At all times. The client's wish is your command. Tht has to be your guiding light. Not too difficult really, is it?'

Angela shakes her head. Mr Page reaches for her glass. 'I'll get you a refill.' He stands up. 'Come over here.' He puts the glasses on the desk. Angela follows him over to the window. 'Are you a gardener, Angela?'

She begins a reply but it doesn't come out. Mr Page's hand is on her bottom. His large male hand all at once at the soft cheeks of her bottom. She gasps. Jerks away. The hand goes round her waist. Pulls her close.

'No, Nurse. That's not what we do. If I were a patient you would not do that. Certainly not. That is not being friendly.' Angela is hard up against Mr Page now. Her breath coming in short gasps. Mr Page has one arm round her waist...and the other is back at her bottom. Grabbing, groping, at the soft ripe cheeks under the thin dress. She cries out.

'Don't be silly, Nurse.' He suddenly lets go. Angela stumbles, grabbing at the window sill for support. Mr Page eyes her. 'And you're wearing tights, Nurse. That won't do. At Paramount girls wear proper nylons. With a suspender belt.'

* * *

'Don't be silly, Nurse,' Mrs Keenlan says. 'Don't be a silly girl. Of course you can't resign. You've signed a contract. You couldn't possibly resign.'

They are in Mrs Keenlan's office. Mrs Keenlan has just got in and Angela has gone immediately in to see her. She has hardly been able to sleep a wink all night. Thinking about yesterday, fearing what is coming today. Because she has been told to go back to Mr Page today. This time...

'I can't,' she gasps. 'I want...to leave.'

'I've told you not to be stupid,' Mrs Keenlan's voice is brusque. 'There is no way you can sign a contract and then immediately resign. The Agency would certainly take you to court. Now just be sensible. You're being hysterical. If Mr Page said he wanted to see you again this afternoon then of course you go. And you'll wear what he told you. I can find you something...ah...suitable.'

* * *

The road...and here is the house...Mr Page's house. The mini slows...and turns into the driveway. Angela has told herself she wouldn't, couldn't...but the mini is heading up the driveway. Like yesterday Angela is in her uniform — only it is not the same as yesterday. The shapely legs beneath the uniform skirt are not in tights. Today there are sheet black seamed stockings. Fastened with a sexy black suspender belt. And her knickers... 'Let me see your knickers,' Mrs Keenlan said. 'Don't be silly, I have to see...' Angela's sensible, virginal-white knickers. 'Oh no. I am sure Mr Page won't approve of that. He'll want a bit more...mmm...snap than that.' So what Angela is now wearing is a black nylon garment which is scarcely anything at all. 'Put it on!' Mrs Keenlan says, a hard edge to her voice. 'Or don't wear anything. Mr Page will think no knickers is all right, but otherwise what I've given you. I think you'll look very cute in those, Nurse. And please stop being so awkward. You've got to be sensible and accept things now you're here. Just remember that nice salary you're getting. What is it, twice what you were on before?'

The mini comes to a halt at the side of the house again. Mr Page's house. Where inside Mr Page is waiting. Another girl in the office had grinned, knowing where Angela is going again. A knowing look...but knowing what? That Angela has the sexy underwear on? Mrs Keenlan said all the girls had to wear that sort of thing, it is part of the Paramount uniform. The clients expected it. Why were they called clients, not patients? Weren't they sick? They didn't just want girls sent to them? Not because they were sick but because...pretty girls in a sexy uniform, with sexy black underwear underneath. 'He won't mind if you've got no knickers,' Mrs Keenlan said. That had to be just an awful sort of joke. Didn't it?

His housekeeper or whoever it was opening the door again. Ushering Angela in. To that study. Where yesterday Mr Page's hand had suddenly grabbed her like that. His hand intimately groping the cheeks of her bottom. Reaching underneath. 'Don't be silly. I'm just testing. Some of the clients are sure to want to do this...' The door again. She wants to turn tail and run, contract or not. Disappear somewhere. But tht is only a dream. The door opened. Mr Page is coming towards her. With that smile. His Welcome-to-Paramount smile. Paramount where the girls all get those excellent salaries and all they have to do is do exactly what the client wants, allow what the client wants, in their sheer black stockings and sexy suspender belts and knickers which are hardly knickers at all, barely covering a girl's pussy, certainly not covering the cheeks of her bottom.

'Hello Angela. How nice to see you again.' Mr Page is taking her arm. 'Would you like a sherry?' Angela shakes her head. No sherry, not this time, she can only think about Mr Page's hand. Though maybe if he is going to do that again a sherry — or two or three — is what she needs.

'No? You're sure?' Mr Page is closing the door. 'Well anyway we must get down to business. Our little chat. Etcetera. You were a little nervous yesterday, Nurse. You'll get over that I'm sure. Now there's something I'd like to take you through today. Something that a number of the clients you'll be seeing like to do. Acting out a disciplinary scene in effect. With their pretty nurse. It seems to be quite a favourite. Do you know what I mean, Angela?'

Angela shakes her head. Acting out a disciplinary scene? It doesn't mean anything. At least Mr Page is not groping her bottom though. Not yet.

'A little corporal punishment, Angela. For the pretty nurse who has omitted or overlooked something or other. Whatever they care to think of. Anyway smacking her bottom. And caning her of course, that goes with it. Smacking your bottom, Nurse. Giving you the cane.'

Is this some kind of bad dream? Mr Page is taking hold of her arm. 'So we'll go through that routine now, Angela. Give you a taste of it. I usually do that with a new girl. All right?' And Mr Page's hand is now at Angela's bottom. Transferring his grip on her arm from his right to his left hand, so that she is now in front of him — so that his right hand can get at her bottom. Angela yelps out, automatically, as the hand gropes at her bottom cheeks which now, today, are virtually bare under the uniform dress, those vestigal black knickers from Mrs Keenlan scarcely covering any part of the ripe roundness.

Angela squirms, gasping out, but Mr Page has a firm hold on her; on her arm and on her bottom. Groping, he says, 'Some of them don't mind you wriggling about a bit, as I understand, but

some of them will. They like a girl to stand nice and still. You'll have to learn to do just what they like, Nurse. I don't want to get a lot of complaints coming back.'

Mr Page is now propelling Angela, regardless of her writhing and frantic little yelps, towards the desk. Close up to the edge and then pushing her down. 'Stop struggling, Nurse. Just lie down flat over the desk. Keep still…'

Mr Page is pulling up her skirt. Angela can't believe it but this is happening. That girl grinning, with the knowing look. This is what she was grinning about, guessing that Angela didn't know. Probably now giggling about it to Mrs Keenlan or one of the other girls. The new girl being bent over Mr Page's desk. Being taught what the clients like to do to their pretty visitors in the sexy stockings and knickers. What you get, what you pay for, in private medical care.

The sexy knickers are coming down. The sexy black knickers which make no attempt to cover Angela's bottom are being yanked down. She is making her gasping, yelping sounds and jerking the delicious already-bare bottom but the knickers are coming down so that not only the cheeks of Angela's bottom but the cleft between, and what else is between, everything, is bare, un-

covered. Unprotected. Angela lets out an extra, extra-shocked, 'Oooohhhh!' As Mr Page's hand slides right in between the writhing thighs. Grabbing her there. Her pussy.

'Less fuss, Nurse. Remember you will be there to oblige the client.' The shocking hand, which is boldly, unbelievably, holding Angela's pussy, comes out. And…splats hard down on one of the shaking cheeks.

And again. And again. The left cheek…and the right. And the soft undersides of Angela's thighs. SPLAT!…SPLAT!!…SPLATT!!!

Really stinging his hand in. Knocking the breath, and any spirit, out of her. Angela feels like a rag doll, flopped down over the desk, which is being beaten, given a good dusting-up, by its owner, a bored child perhaps. Except that she is not a rag doll, she is flesh,

her bottom and thighs are ripe flesh which are beginning to feel more like raw meat…

'Don't get up, Nurse. Now we'll try the cane. All the spankers like to use the cane as well. So I'm told. Hurts a little bit more of course.'

* * *

'Don't be silly,' Mrs Keenlan says. 'Of

course you can't resign. Anyway you don't really want to,' Angela. That's only a hysterical reaction. You won't want to when you think about it. You couldn't possibly get what you're being paid here anywhere else, could you? And it's nothing to get all hysterical about. Just because Mr Page made your bottom sting a bit.'

'Sting a bit,' must be the understatement of all time Angela thinks. The memory of Mr Page's cane is still such that she can't think of anything else. Bent over his desk and after the dreadfulness of the bare-bottom spanking that cane slicing into her poor bottom as if it was going to slice her in two. And after that even worse. Not bent over the desk but up on it. Lying on it on her back. Her legs right up in the air. The vestigal knickers still down (or up) round her knees. A sickeningly revealing position but all you could think of was that cane. Slicing in…

Afterwards, after seeing Mrs Keenlan, there is that grinning girl again. Her name is Stacey. She is grinning still but she is not unsympathetic. 'He's a bit of a bugger with that cane, isn't he? He's worse than some of the clients. Who've you got to see then? Has she given you any appointments?'

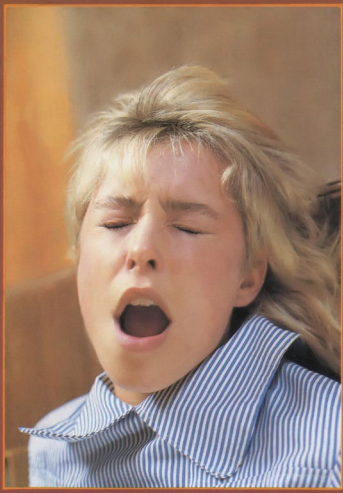
Angela has been given her first patients. Or clients. Two men, one for today and the other tomorrow. She has to go out and visit them. Presumably for them to do what Mr Page has done. Stacey takes the piece of paper from Angela. 'Mr Norrish. And Mr Canterbell.' Stacey makes a face. Shrugs.

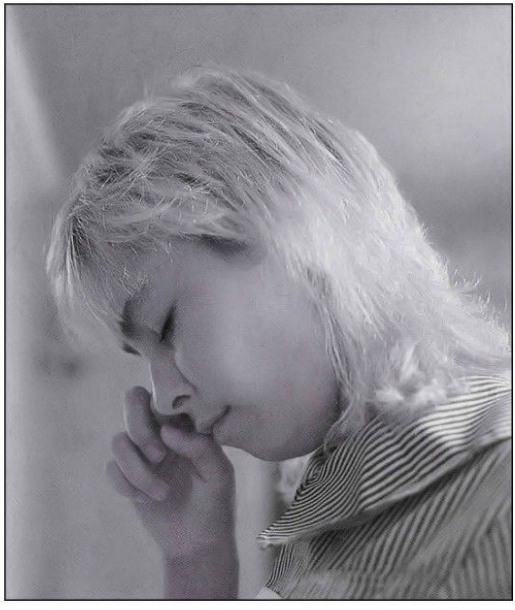
'What!' Angela demands. The thought of having to go out to these two clients with whatever they want to do to her…she shakes her head. The thought is impossible…but she has to go. 'What…are they like. M…Mr Norrish?…'

Mr Norrish is today. Ten o'clock this morning it says. Stacey hands back the note. Making another face. 'Mr Canterbell..is keen on caning. A lot like Mr Page in fact. You have to expect a sore bum when you go to Mr Canterbell. Mr Norrish…well…'

'What?' Angela yelps again. Mr Canterbell will want to use the cane. That thought jangles in her head but she can't think about that now. That is tomorrow. Tomorrow may never come. What about today? Is Mr Norrish perhaps all right then? Maybe he would simply like a chat with a pretty girl? Maybe he even has something wrong with him, a proper medical condition that needs a nurse. Not just a girl with a pretty face and a pretty bum that he can do things to. 'What…about Mr Norrish…?' pops out of Angela's anxious mouth.

Stacey comes close. Puts her mouth close to Angela's ear…and clearly enunciates a very basic word. She repeats it, equally clearly, in case perhaps Angela hasn't got it the first time. 'That's what Mr Norrish likes'.





ISOLATION WARD

The short, soft hiss of escaping air broke the awkward silence. The chair slowly dropped on its gas cylinder as he pushed the control lever, the body draped over the seat of the chair adopting a less dramatic angle. Another hiss, and the cotton-covered bottom which formed the rounded apex of the triangle sank a little lower, until he was satisfied with its position.

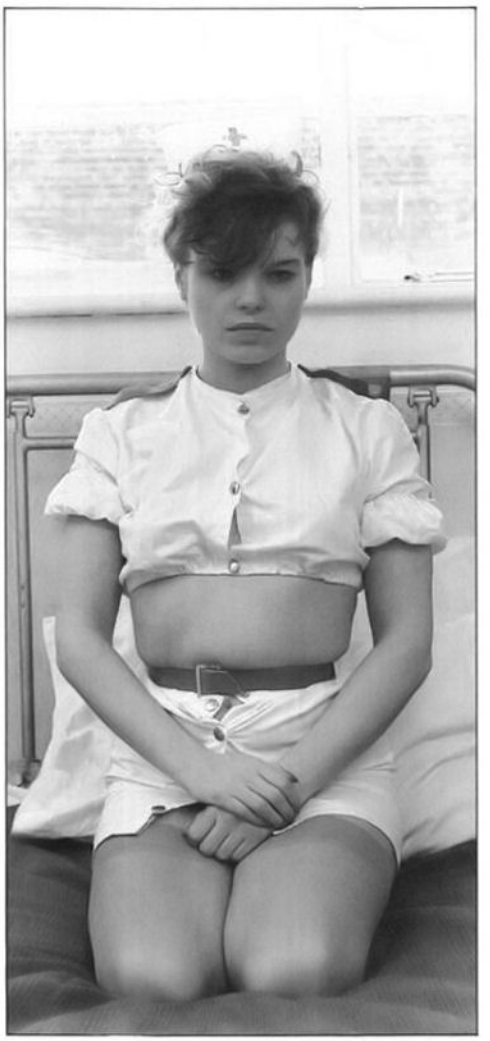
No words were exchanged as the owner of that bottom watched him move across the room to pick up the thick, heavy length of leather, split into three flat tails at one end. He slapped it gently against his left palm, the noise it made startlingly loud. Leaning over the chair, he fitted his fingers into the waistband of the girl's panties and pulled them inexorably down, the leather brushing the softness of her right cheek as she lifted her hips unbidden to allow the downward passage of her last defence.

The buttocks were still well-rounded despite her angled position lying over the high swivel chair, her hands gripping the circular foot rail about twelve inches off the carpet. She studied the pattern, a little grubby, as she heard him move behind: there was a slight whirr as the tapes laced themselves round the recording heads and started to run. She resisted the impulse to tense her muscles, suspecting it would only exacerbate the imminent discomfort.

The tawse was laid — invitingly — across the soft proffered target. The pause after its departure seemed to last for minutes. On its return, it announced its arrival with a short, sharp, noisy 'Slaapp' which stimulated a reflex inhalation from the recipient. The intake of breath was followed, as ordered, by the pronouncement: 'ONE!' A sixty second pause followed, as the mark of the tawse's visit became increasingly and vividly evident.

There was no warning of the second blow, which struck lower across the girl's fleshy fullness, driving the softness up and to each side with its force, the buttocks quivering with the impact before assuming their former curvature: 'TWO!' she yelped.

Another full minute elapsed, the only sound the gentle hum of the video recorder and the occasional distant roar of a truck passing on the way to the quarry. The sun was slanting steeply through the venetian blind in the office, its effect dimmed by the brightness of the 'redhead' television floodlights which illuminated her unwilling predicament.



The leather wrapped itself eagerly round her nether regions once again, the sting intensified as it crossed areas it had already visited: 'THREE!' She gripped tightly to the foot bar to stop herself reaching round and rubbing the affected area, confining herself to a rhythmic contract...relax...contract of her gluteal muscles.

The regular impact of the fiercely stinging leather with her bare buttocks continued as the camera's disinterested glass eye dutifully recorded the changing hues and physical responses of this assault. 'FOUR!' 'FIVE!' 'SIX!' 'SEVEN!' 'EIGHT!' 'NINE!' 'TEN!'

Both cheeks were numbed by the incessant impact, the nerve endings closing down the system which warned of contact with a fast-moving object. It was going to keep coming whatever messages they sent to the brain. Their owner seemed oblivious to the problem, or was willing to submit to the pain for reasons unknown.

Angela remembered how she had first come into the world of stinging bottoms with Mr Foulger. It was a small display ad in the local paper asking for an enthusiastic amateur actress willing to play a major role in a documentary film. Little had she realised as the storyline of this 'documentary' was described to her that he was expecting *her* to bare all and suffer for the sake of realism. The title of the film was, surprisingly perhaps, 'The boss: master or megalomaniac?'

The interview had been relaxed, friendly, and — well, intriguing. No specifics had been forthcoming initially, but general references to 'a fantasy sequence' had been mentioned. She had been asked to bring a leotard, and after about twenty minutes of talk Dr Foulger asked her to change into it so he could take some 'reference' photographs.

Angela had then plucked up the courage to ask what sort of 'fantasy' the sequence would contain.

'Oh, nothing outrageous: no sex or bondage, just a bit of mild corporal punishment, like at school...' came the reply. She had looked at him, waiting for more information. 'You know, a good spanking on the bottom.'

'Corporal punishment?'

'Properly controlled, of course, properly controlled: to demonstrate the logical extreme extension of the master/servant relationship in hypothetical terms.' He paused. 'It's a *fantasy* sequence, you see. Nothing sordid!'

'Oh, I see.' She didn't. 'How...?'

'On the old gluteus maximus...your bare *bottom*, my dear...with a special strap, or a cane...that sort of thing.'

'Ummm...bare?' he nodded. 'Hard?'

'Oh, not *too* hard, but we need it to be realistic, and you can't really fake these things with make-up and trick photography: we're on a very limited budget, you see.'

'Ah, of course.'

'Well, Miss Walker: I'd be happy to offer you the role, if you're interested.'

'You mentioned a fee?'

'Ah, yes. That's £50.'

It didn't seem like a lot of money, but then the experience would be useful, Angela told herself, and any money was better than none.

And so it was that Angela found herself lying face down over the adjustable height office chair — back removed for convenience, as no-one was required to *sit* on it, while Mr Foulger applied his directorial and acting expertise to her bare, and now very sore, backside.

Slaaappp! 'ELEVEN!' Slaappp! 'TWELVE!' Slaappp! 'THIRTEEN!' Slaappp! 'FOURTEEN!' Slaappp! 'FIFTEEN!'

'Get up, please.' The first words he had spoken since telling her to bend over the chair. She stood and waited, knickers still at mid-thigh, while he fiddled with the zoom lens to ajust the focus on her bruised posterior. The strapping had been a severe one, but she'd taken it well, and the thought of the £50 in cash was sufficient balm to her injured pride — and bum.

Another few minutes of fiddling with a still camera to record the effects of the thrashing, and it was over. Mr Foulger handed over the envelope containing the folded fivers, and Angela slipped into her dress and top. It had all been — as he had said — properly controlled. But it had still bloody hurt like hell!

The girl left as he plugged up the large screen TV and pushed the first cassette into the U-matic video recorder. The image was clear, clean, and dramatic. He could detect the soft down at the top of the division between her full-fleshed cheeks, the dusting of fair hair on the firm thighs, the vivid discolouration as each successive stroke built its effect on the yielding creaminess.

As her legs scissored after a particularly painful blow, the soft folds of her sex were revealed, the dark curls unable to disguise their enticing form. Miss Walker was a very attractive young lady, and an ideal subject for a documentary.

The slow motion facility allowed a closer analysis of the effect of each stroke, as the rounded target appeared to be attempting to escape, the flesh forced out around the leather as it seemed to slice through her fundament.

The gas-lift chair had been an inspiration of Jack's, a close friend for many years who shared his penchant for the chastisement of young ladies. Jack would enjoy these first videos. Three cameras: one from the back, one from the side, and another — concealed — in the bureau in front of the chair, to record the facial contortions of the subject.

Another of the three applicants Mr Foulger had seen was an attractive blonde girl, full-lipped and pert, whom he had seen at the bus-stop on numerous occasions. Melanie Moorfield had always fancied herself as a bit of a star: she was pleasing to look at, and a leading light in the local operatic and dramatic society.

An object of lust by a large number of the society's members, the svelte form of Miss Moorfield was much appreciated when she appeared in a society skit taking off the film 'Fame!' wearing snug shorts and brief top. The shorts served only to emphasise her long legs and the top that she did not bother with a bra.

At twenty, Melanie was only too aware of her effect on men, and used it to her advantage — and hers alone. With no long-term attachment, she ran a string of young suitors. None of them had ever managed a conquest, though there were many who claimed to have got over the final fence in the race to bed her.

At the interview, her reaction to the 'corporal punishment' information was a short and snapped: 'You don't honestly think I'm going to let you smack my bottom in the cause of some gratuitous fantasy scene, do you, Mr Foulger? I mean, it's *indecent*!' She had also refused to change into a leotard, but agreed to have a full length and head shot photograph taken. The tight jeans flattered her figure to great effect. Hers was a bottom, thought Mr Foulger, which would benefit more than most from a damn good hiding.

It was something of a surprise, therefore, when Melanie Moorfield called him at his home to ask if he would consider her for his documentary, 'providing it's discreetly done.'

'Of course, of course,' he smiled, not bothering to ask why she had changed her mind.

He was not sure if she would, after all, turn up the following Saturday as arranged. Jack, down especially for the event, had already sunk three large scotches when there was a firm knock at the door.

Mr Foulger stepped to one side as Melanie tripped in clutching a case: 'You did say a nurse's uniform, Mr Foulger?' He nodded. 'Oh good, my memory's terrible if I don't write things down. I brought some sports stuff as well, in case you needed to do some different shots. You know, shorts, tennis skirt, that sort of thing. I borrowed the uniform from a friend of mine: she's got to have it back tomorrow, though.'

'Ah, good, good.'

After introducing Jack ('a professional colleague specialising in visual effects'), he asked her to change into shorts and top so that he could see if they were suitable. 'Then we'll pop over to the location: it's only a mile or so.'

'Oh. Location! That sounds glamorous!' Melanie sounded genuinely excited.

Melanie, as was her custom, did not bother with a brassiere, as both men appreciated when she entered the room.

'Right, just stand by the window, would you?' The tanned legs carried her across the room as both mens' eyes were fixed on the tautness of the shorts covering her twin half-moons.

'Facing you?'

'No, face the window...now turn 90 degrees left...now bend over.'

'Touch my toes?' Melanie giggled nervously.

'If you wish.'

'Is this how I'll be whacked in the scene?'

'Not absolutely decided yet. We must get going: don't bother changing.'

The old isolation hospital was an ideal location, the afternoon sun providing adequate natural light, except in the corridors where redhead TV lights had been rigged in strategic doorways and behind glass panels through to the old wards.

'When did they last use this place?' Melanie asked nervously, 'We're not going to catch anything I hope!'

'Hasn't been used for three years, and the environmental health people cleared it ages ago. Now, you didn't bring a leotard with you, did you Melanie?'

'Yes, I think I did.'

'Slip it on, would you?'

'Where can I...?'

'Change? Oh, through there,' pointed Jack.

'Why don't we see if she'll do the corridor bit?' hissed Jack as Melanie shut the door. 'You know, the tracking shot we talked about?'

'I'll ask her: worth a try!'

The leotard clung enticingly to every curve of her tantalising form, the full cheeks atop the firm thighs fighting to escape from the fabric, a thick wedge of bare flesh below the constricting elastic.

'Just walk down the corridor, please Melanie,' asked Mr Foulger, 'down to the end and back again: I want to check a shot.'

The bouncing softness of the girl's rump as it quivered away down the long pale cream corridor was a sight which brought a ready smile to both men's faces.

Her short fair hair caught the sun as she walked slowly back towards them, breasts bouncing in perfect complement to buttocks. She smiled eagerly. Mr Foulger launched into his explanation: 'We need to do a long-shot of the girl walking down the corridor, as seen by the consultant in the documentary. He's fantasising about removing her clothes as she walks down the corridor, because he wants to dominate her, and punish her

for imaginary offences.'

'Very Freudian!' chuckled Melanie.

'So I'd like you to start walking in the nurse's uniform, then you can 'freeze' while we change clothes before continuing the shot. OK? You can wear the leotard under the shorts and top, under the uniform. OK?'

'Well...'

'It's shot from behind, so there's no problem...' explained Jack, omitting to mention the second video camera already set up and running in a ward at the far end of the corridor.

They busied themselves as the girl changed. The sun was perfect for the shot now, and Mr Foulger hurried her along: 'Light's perfect, Melanie: we need to get going...'

'Coming...' She stepped out, the red belt and red cross on the cap in startling contrast to the pristine white of the uniform. Mr Foulger explained the shot once more before she started off down the corridor: 'Freeze!' he shouted.

Jack trotted after her, and with a muttered 'Excuse me' unbuttoned the uniform and slipped it off, removed her hat, and gently pulled off shoes and tights, his hand brushing the warm softness of her thighs. Melanie carefully maintained her position, placing her now bare feet on the cool stone.

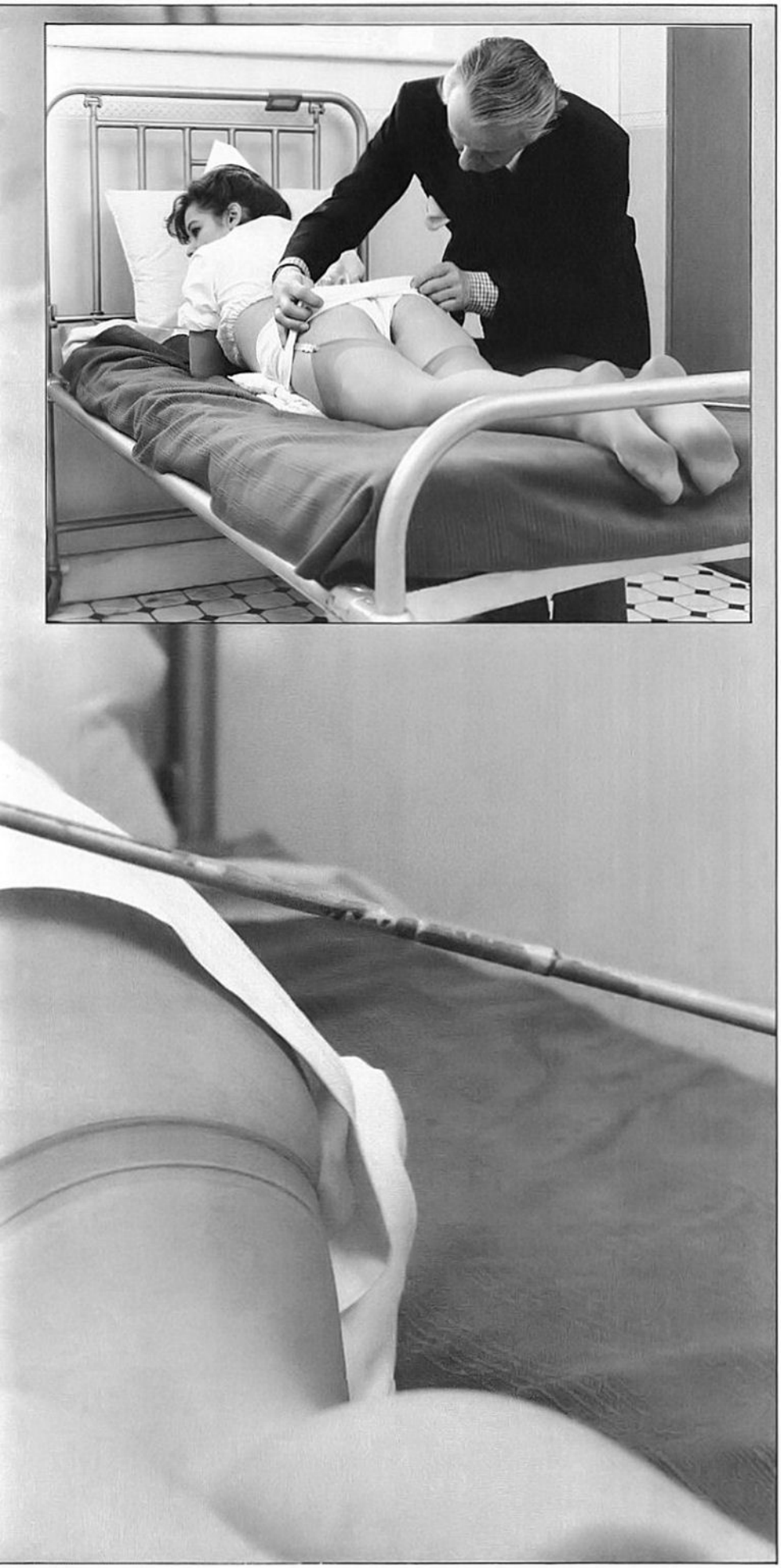
'Action!' yelled Mr Foulger, and she took another few steps in shorts and top before he told her to freeze again. Jack moved in and swiftly peeled off shorts and top to reveal the clinging leotard, the fabric seemingly bonded to the twin protuberances of that well-padded bottom.

Melanie started walking again on the command, until he shouted 'Freeze! Melanie, a pity that leotard isn't one of those high-cut skimpy ones, as...well, we need more *flesh*,' Mr Foulger explained lamely. Jack was there in an instant: 'We can ease the rear end up quite a bit, can't we Melanie? I think that'll do the trick.'

'I guess so,' she agreed, and Jack knelt down behind her. The adjustment was an enticing one, necessitating fitting his fingers into the leotard at the division between her legs — that warm, now slightly damp, division — and pulled the fabric up taut between the full, heavy cheeks to expose them almost entirely. He worked his hands a second time up the smooth warmness of her buttocks to fit the leotard more evenly into the deep crease between them.

He allowed himself an affectionate, flesh-quivering slap on the right pale orb as he bobbed out of shot and the call: 'Action!' came again. Melanie was now half way down the corridor, and Mr Foulger, delighted with the way things were going, stopped her and briskly strode down to speak quietly as Jack hovered out of earshot.

Passing Jack on the way back to the camera, he smiled: 'Leotard off now, please Jack, for the final shot.' Jack



goggled unbelievingly, mouthing 'Off?' to Mr Foulger's curt nod. All this unseen by Melanie, still facing down the corridor over thirty feet away. He needed no second bidding, as he faced her and pulled the garment off her shoulders and down past the firm bust to her waist. Onwards and downwards, the puff of hair revealed, his hands tugging the tight fabric from between her backside, his face close to her pubic triangle as she stepped carefully out to allow him to pick the leotard up.

Stark bollock naked, he thought to himself as he grinned widely at his friend behind the camera: and the whacking still to come!

Back in the uniform, Melanie was making light of her first nude scene, and giggled: 'Time for a good old-fashioned bum whacking now, is it?'

'That's right,' Jack smiled, and nodded to Mr Foulger who had just come into the small ward, carrying a long slender cane.

'Christ, is that the cane you're going to use?' asked Melanie anxiously.

'Traditional school punishment implement: very effective,' confirmed Mr Foulger.

'Not *too* effective, I hope,' Melanie responded.

Jack wheeled the bed across the chequered floor in front of the girl, and indicated that she was to kneel on it.

'This the hospital version of the whipping block?' she quipped, her voice more than a little nervous as she took her position. Jack fiddled with her skirt, white knickers exposed, tan stockings emphasising the paler flesh above them. The faint sheen of dampness on her thighs at the curve of her cheeks where they dived for the protection of her crotch.

'Right, lie over the bed, on your tummy, Melanie,' ordered Mr Foulger, resting the cane on the table by the jug where she could see it. 'This bit will hurt, I'm afraid,' he said with no trace of irony. Muscular yet soft, the twin cheeks invited chastisement in that position. And this young lady warranted it.

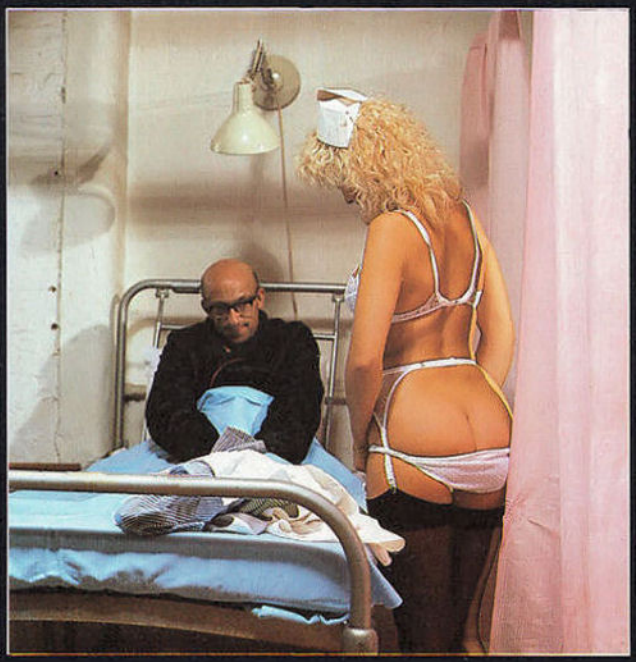
'You're going to get twelve strokes, Melanie,' Mr Foulgar intoned slowly, 'And I want you to count each one out loud when you receive it. All right?'

'Just not *too* hard, Mr Foulger: I've never even been spanked before.'

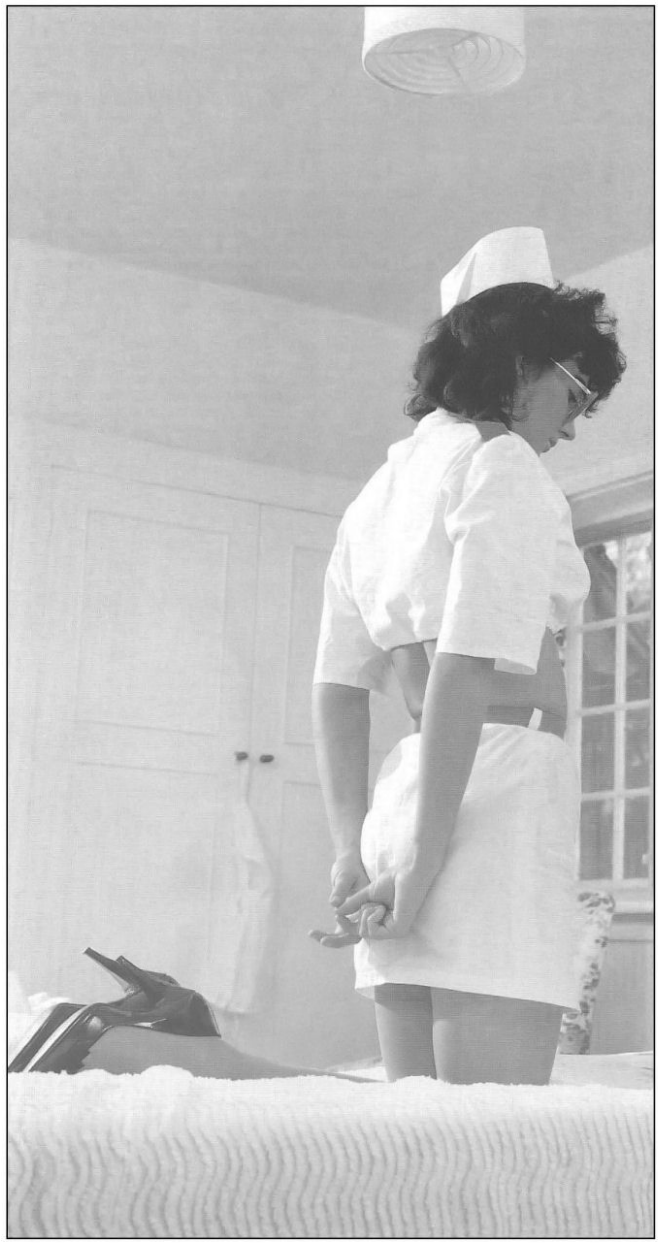
In her submissive posture over the bed, Melanie tensed her bottom in readiness for the onslaught. She felt Jack's fingers at the waistband of her knickers, and shut her eyes as the pale target was presented.

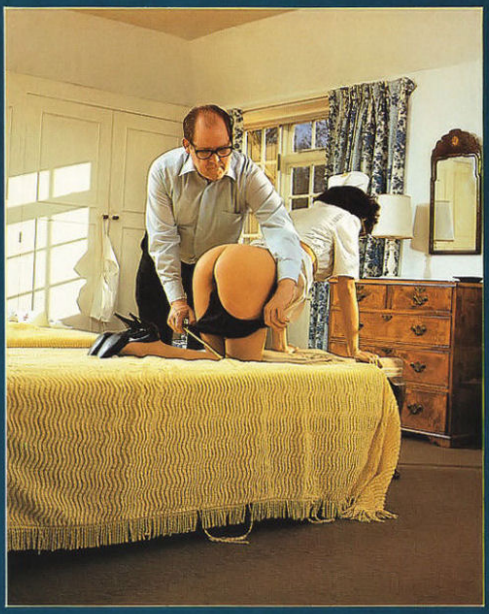
Jack retired to the next room to watch the whole thing unfold on TV. It would have made peak viewing, and the moment when Melanie pushed herself up off the bed to rub feverishly at her wounded backside was one they would both savour for some time to come.

The envelope contained just £50. As they agreed with one another afterwards: 'Outstanding value for money!'



AGENCY NURSE





Mr Fontwell, 36 Filbert Road, the card said. The name meant nothing but Sarah thought she knew where the address was. Big houses over on the edge of town, south side. She wanted to ask: what's he like? He's OK, isn't he? Nothing too...but she also didn't want to sound too new, inexperienced. So she just smiled at Mrs Maltby, on reception. There was a sort of quizzical smile back. Did that mean anything? Nervous. Sarah was that all right. But weren't you bound to be, your first day?

The Acme Nursing Agency. Private clients and households a speciality.

Sarah had just started, finally having had her fill of state nursing and those abyssmal salaries. Private agencies paid twice as much, or some of them. Acme for one. All right, people said, yes but you know about those places. You know what some of those clients want. But people were bound to say that sort of thing. People with an interest, nurses too scared to take the plunge. Sarah didn't believe it but you were bound to be apprehensive, just starting. It'd be OK when she'd been to a couple of clients and got her bearings. This Mr Fontwell.

What was his problem? His complaint? If he had one. It didn't say on the card. Or rather it said: *diagnosis non-specific.* It said that when they didn't have anything properly wrong with them. 'Nothing actually somatic but that doesn't mean they don't need a nurse.' Mr Collins who ran the agency. Sarah had had a talk with him after accepting the job. 'Human contact, compassion and sympathy, Nurse. But isn't that what nursing is basically all about anyway?'

This Mr Fontwell. She really should have asked someone. Someone would have gone there before, for his 'diagnosis non-specific'. One of the other girls. The agency had quite a number she thought, but they were only fleetingly in the office. But he was probably all right, an old man wanting a bit of companionship and sympathy. Nothing nasty. Nothing like those nasty things people said. Yes Mr Fontwell was very probably OK. Sarah put on her coat, over the uniform. She didn't like the uniform, didn't like a number of things about it. It was, well, almost designed to make people think those things about agency nurses.

Gerald Fontwell at 45 wasn't exactly an old man. He had asked for her. The new one. 'Put me down for that new one when she starts.' Mr Collins had peered over his glasses. 'Everyone wants new ones.' Indicating that they were talking about a scarce and desirable commodity. Mr Fontwell was not put off by this. He would pay any extra that was thought necessary. He was prepared to pay for his pleasures. But was she...ah...acquainted with what was what?

Mr Collins, an avuncular figure who could inspire confidence in people (he *couldn't* be involved in anything at all *off* surely?) had adjusted his spectacles and said, 'In general terms.' But she had of course signed her contract, he added. A girl was on her own when she was with a client. 'Well, some may have their *little ways*, Nurse.' You did get complaints from the new ones, naturally. 'He *can't do that.*' In shocked tones. Mr Collins, in his avuncular way, would point out the difference between what she was earning now and what it had been before, as a state nurse probably. And also point to what she had signed in her contract. That small print. Sometimes you found they hadn't bothered to read it.

Gerald Fontwell looked out of his window. A nice morning. Not that he intended going out in it. No, not any chance at all of that. Nurse Wilkins, Sarah Wilkins, that was her name, a nicely brought up middle-class girl from the record that he'd been shown. Definitely not one of your young scrubbers. A nice little brunette Mr Collins had said. Smooth talking Collins, that dirty old bugger. What did *he* do with them? Well, he had the run of them, didn't he: the cock in the hen house. Perhaps he was past it, though? Gerald Fontwell looked at his watch. Five to ten. Five minutes. Did she have a car?

The slightly battered Two-C-V was at that moment encountering traffic. Its driver was going to be late. Not a lot but when you already had that tense feeling in your stomach it didn't help. Stop worrying and think of the pay. She would be able to pay off that bank loan. If she ever got to Mr Fontwell's. The white nurses cap on the seat beside her. 'Always wear the cap.' Mr Col-

lins's instruction. 'The clients expect it. And of course the rest of the uniform exactly as specified.' That included underwear: black silk knickers and bra; a matching black suspender belt for the tan stockings. Why did underwear have to be specified, unless...Sarah drove that line of thinking out of her head. Concentrate on the road. If you were half an hour late on your first day he'd have an excuse for...something.

But it was only five minutes. Cramming the little cap on her head in the driveway. It was one of those big houses. Don't stop and worry. Ring the bell. He came, almost immediately. Waiting probably. Not at all what Sarah had expected. Not old, or not that much. Heavy-set, fat even. Flat black hair above rounded features. Sharp eyes examining her.

'Nurse Wilkins? Sarah I think? Come in then. Let's have your coat off. Let's have a look at you.'

Her coat. Yes. She was still flustered by the sight of him. Removing her coat would naturally reveal the uniform. She felt a strong urge to keep the coat on but clearly you couldn't. Anyway Mr Fontwell had probably seen the Acme Agency uniform before. Unbuttoning. She didn't really like the look of this Mr Fontwell. He wasn't old, a doddery old man. He was only...what, not fifty? And there was something about him. If he wanted something you could imagine he

made sure he got it. Stop it, she told herself. He was going to be all right. But what...*was* he going to want?

The uniform. On display as she took the coat off. An abbreviated white skirt, the hem barely reaching the tops of her stockings. The waist held tightly in with a wide red belt. The top of the uniform, the blouse, was cut off to finish some inches above your waist. Bare flesh on show there. The awful outfit was completely with tan stockings and black stilettos.

'Very nice.' His eyes gleaming. 'You girls from the agency've got a very nice outfit and you fill it out a treat, young Sarah.' His hand came out and touched her bare waist. She shivered. She wanted to leave. She knew she wasn't going to enjoy this — whatever it was. '*Hey!*'

He had without warning taken her glasses off. Everything suddenly a blur. '*Hey!* Give me...!'

The blurred face cackling. 'Can't you see, Sarah?' She reached out. 'No...' Another cackling laugh and his hand was at her bottom. Squeezing. She gasped, jerking away. Then he was in front, pulling her to him. Her short-sighted eyes at last caught him in focus. Much too close for comfort. His grinning face. His body hard against her. She turned her head away. 'Give...give me my glasses.'

His hand came down to squeeze her bum again. Then he let go. She was shaking, close to tears. 'Give me...' The glasses suddenly in her hand. She fumbled them on. Sighted again. Mr Fontwell, his sitting room, abruptly there, appearing out of the blur. Her heart was thudding at a dizzy rate. The *rotten bastard.*

'Don't...you do that.' Stammering. 'I...I don't have to take that.'

His face was still grinning. 'You have to take exactly what I want, Nurse Wilkins. Look at your contract. Have you looked at that fine print?'

She hadn't. Not all of it. But there couldn't be anything saying she had to take that sort of thing.

'Look...what is...I mean what've I got to do.' Fighting to keep her voice steady. 'Please be...be sensible,' she added hopefully.

Mr Fontwell gave another of those laughs. 'You're really a new one, aren't you? But I like that. I like a nice fresh girl. What I need is a massage. You know...I...uh...have this problem and I need it massaged. OK?'

Still shaking, she tried to sound professional. 'Muscle problems? Manipulation?'

Mr Fontwell said, 'Yes. That's it: manipulation.'

He led the way upstairs. At least he wasn't making her go first, in the short skirt. Into his bedroom. 'I'll get undressed, shall I?' he asked. But Mr Fontwell was

doing it anyway. His shoes. Trousers and shirt. His...Sarah looked away, her face red. Mr Fontwell had a full erection. He sat on the bed, with it jutting up in front of him. 'Back first or front?' he asked, grinning. 'I want it all over of course.'

Oh God. 'Ge...get on your front.'

He was fat. She didn't like touching him but she had to. Kneading the flabby flesh. And knowing what he was going to want when he turned over. Manipulation. Could she say she wouldn't? But Mr Fontwell had paid for a massage. She was here to do it. She tried to concentrate. His fleshy back. Arms. Buttocks. Mr Fontwell groaning slightly. His head turning sideways. 'OK. That'll do. Now...' He was turning over.

It was still there. Sticking straight up. His eyes on her. 'OK, Nurse Perkins. Now the front. All of it of course.'

'Look...'

'Come on. No looks. You look at your contract. You do what the client wants. Whatever medical attention is required. Come on: a nice rub.'

It was what people said of course. She hadn't wanted to believe it but it was true. That was why you got the big salary. Don't think about it, just do it. It was only a massage, what was the difference. Just do it. She needed the job didn't she? That overdraft. Do it then. She sat down on the side of the bed, as Mr Fontwell indicated. And did it. Her hand...Up and down...Until...

It was over. She felt a bit sick but it was over. She had earnt her money. Mr Fontwell was getting up, getting his clothes on. That was it. It wasn't so bad. If you didn't think about it.

'That was very nice, Nurse. What a man needs in the morning, eh? A nice massage. Now then, something for Nurse Parkins. Something every nurse needs now and then, and especially of course a new one.'

It was not possible but Mr Fontwell had a cane in his hand. He wanted to...

Shaking her head frantically. '*No! I'm not...*' He grabbed her arm. 'Don't be silly, you all get it. Not hard, it won't hurt. But you've got to take it. It's part of the patient's therapy, caning the nurse.'

Protesting that she wouldn't, it was ridiculous, but he was insisting. And now she had done that other thing....'Come on. Get up on the bed. Kneel up.' Somehow she was doing it. Kneeling on the bed where minutes before Mr Fontwell had been stretched out and she had done that...and thought it was all over. He had put a stool at the foot of the bed. She had to lean forward, put her hands on it. Mr Fontwell was pulling up the short skirt. Exposing the black silk knickers that you had to wear, that was part of the uniform. He was taking them down. Sliding the knickers down off of her bottom. She was gasping out words of protest, refusal, but at the same time it was happening. She wasn't stopping it. She couldn't. The other had happened and now this. Part of the job.

Her knickers were down. Unbelievable but she was kneeling on his bed with her skirt up round her waist and her knickers down. Her bottom bare. 'Get right down.' Mr Fontwell's rasping voice. 'Head down and get your knees apart.' NO! She could see the position, what she would be showing, but Mr Fontwell was pushing her knees apart. She *couldn't...she wouldn't*...she didn't have to...

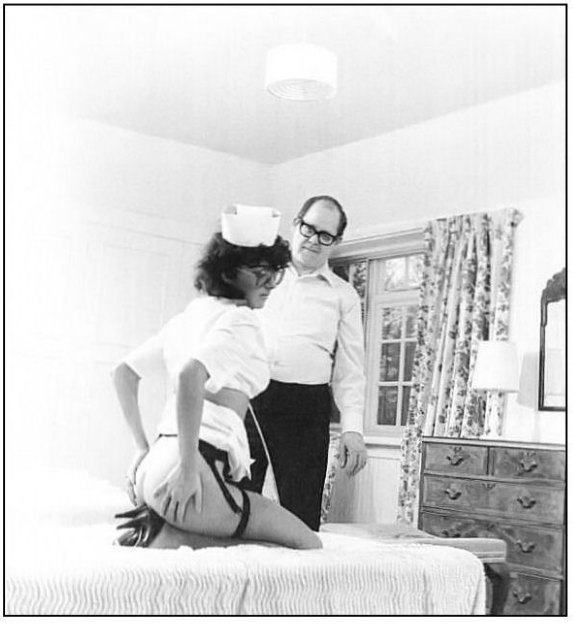
'Arrrgghhh!'

Oh Jesus. He had hit her. The cane. He said it wouldn't hurt but...her poor bottom. Zinging with fiery pain. '*Nooo...aiiieehhh!*' Another one. '*Nooo...aaaiiieeehhh!*' Another one. 'No! Nooo! You can....'

'*Aaaiiieeekkk!*' And another.

'Keep still, Nurse. How can I get my therapy if you keep writhing it around like that. Get further on down. Hands between your legs. Come on.'

'No! No I ca....aaarrrnnnggghh!'



There was not much traffic on the way back and the little car had no trouble finding its way. Mrs Maltby was there at the reception desk when Sarah went in. That quizzical smile again. Of course she knew. She had known this morning that Mr Fontwell was going to want, what Sarah was going to have to do, to submit to, to earn that nice big salary. Sarah knew what she was thinking: Now she knows, the greedy little thing. Greedy like all the rest of them, now she knows the price. She hurried on through. Mr Collins was in, with his door open. Waiting for her to get back? Because he called Sarah in.

She had thought Mr Collins was so nice. A nice old chap, though not that old. Nice like she had thought the clients were going to be. Mr Fontwell. Don't think about Mr Fontwell. Mr Collins getting up. That nice friendly smile. But he had *known*, like Mrs Maltby had known.

'All right, Sarah? Go all right, did it? Of course he's got his little ways, our Mr Fontwell. But all they really want is a bit of sympathy and friendliness. Mmmm?'

Sarah didn't answer. All Mr Fontwell had wanted...

Mr Collins's hand slid round her waist. It tightened. A sympathetic and companionable gesture. His voice soft in her ear. 'I suppose he...ah...'

The hand casually dipped down. To Sarah's bottom. Her caned bottom. Through the thin coat it gently jiggled the still smarting cheeks. Sarah trembled. The voice in her ear was saying things. As the hand continued to jiggle.

PRIVATE PERFORMANCE

'And don't imagine you'll get anywhere with the nurses,' Steve Conway told Rob Kenley. 'They all keep it strictly for qualified men.'

The two of them were sitting in the corner of the main cafeteria in St Perkin's Hospital. They were both medical students and therefore as Steve had just said 'the lowed of the low' – although Rob would be 'the very, very lowest' as he was just starting his internship whereas Steve had already done six months. And certainly new man Rob could forget any thoughts he might have of fucking any nurses.

It was mid morning and the cafeteria was reasonably busy and there were several good-looking nurses to be seen. One in particular was at the counter paying for a cup of coffee: a very pretty girl with reddish-chestnut hair and a nicely feminine shape under her tight white uniform. They both watched her bottom greedily as she walked over to sit with two other nurses on the other side of the room.

'Nice eh!' observed Steve. 'Hazel Brown. Wouldn't you like to stick your thing into that! But absolutely no chance. Our Hazel will only do it with fully qualified doctors, certainly not you or me. Actually as it happens you'll see she has a wedding ring. Yes married. Not that that stops her fucking any doctor who asks. Oh yes Rob my lad, once you're qualified you can get all you want. In about four years time eh!'

Rob didn't answer. Nurse Brown was certainly tasty. And married! She couldn't be much more than 20. Could she really be fucking the qualified doctors? Probably it was just Steve's over-heated imagination.

'Come on,' Steve said getting to his feet. 'Back to it.' They carried their cups over to the counter. Hazel Brown was laughing with her companions. Rob felt a stab of lust.

Ten minutes later Hazel Brown and the two other nurses also exited. Outside they parted, Hazel turning left towards Outpatients. A little way along the corridor she was stopped by a white-coated doctor. 'Have you got a moment, Nurse,' he asked her formally. His English had a slight accent.

His name was Dr Asrun Kerala. He was about 45, a heavily-built Asian. Hazel pursed her lips, then forced a smile. 'Well, just a moment.'

She followed him into a small consulting room. It contained a metal-framed bed and a chair. Dr Kerala locked the door behind them, then smirked at Hazel. 'I just thought you might need a little check-up, Nurse Brown.' His hands took hold of her shapely boobs.

'I .. I'm due on duty,' she stammered. Her pretty face was flushing.

'Oh just a few minutes. A check-up won't take long. But a girl does need one now and then. Especially a young and pretty married girl, eh? In case that husband is fucking you too much. So just take your knickers off. And get on the bed.'

Hazel hesitated, nervously biting her lip and glancing at the locked door. Then her hands went up under her stiff white skirt and apron. Shortly a flimsy pair of blue nylon knickers appeared. She stepped out of them.

Dr Kerala hand went between her legs, sliding up above her stocking tops to her warm upper thighs. Hazel shuddered as the hand cupped her moist cunt. Two fingers slid into her.

'Yes, definitely in need of a check-up,' the doctor said in his precise English.

He pushed Nurse Brown onto the bed. She lay on her back, obediently raising her knees and opening her legs. Dr Kerala's sleekly brilliantined head went in between her spread thighs. Hazel groaned as his tongue probed her cunt. She squirmed her hips, her hand stroking the back of his head. Dr Kerala vigorously sucked her for a few minutes, then disengaged. Standing up he ripped open his white jacket and unzipped his trousers. A large, purple-headed erect penis sprang free.

The doctor took hold of Hazel's legs, pulling them so that her wet pussy was nicely positioned at the edge of the bed. Then he slid his big organ up her tightly-gripping tunnel.

* * *

Rob Kenley happened to be passing in the corridor when the door to the consulting room opened. It was that lovely nurse, Hazel Brown. Inside the little room he could see a heavily-built Indian doctor, with a satisfied smirk on his broad face. And Hazel ... Her face was red and flushed. Her eyes caught Rob's, then she looked quickly away and began hurrying along the corridor. Rob's eyes followed the ripe sway of her bottom. He hesitated ... then on impulse strode after her.

He caught up just round the corner. He had no real idea what he was going to say, but words somehow came out. Breathlessly he said he needed to see her. It was important.

She stopped. Did those green-brown eyes have a panicky look? Somehow he knew she had just been fucked by that doctor ... and no doubt fucking while on duty was a serious offence. She said she couldn't stop, she was in a hurry. Her voice had a haughty edge. Contemptuous. He was only a medical student, and even worse a very new one. 'The very lowest of the low' as Steve had put it.

He racked his mind. Something! Something more than just saying he would tell her husband. She would simply laugh at that, because he had no possible evidence. But **something.** And then ... Yes? What was the name of the bloke. The Hospital Registrar, the chief bloke ... Billings ..? Something like that.

Binnings. Mr Aubrey Binnings!

'I just thought we ... might have a drink, when you're off.' She had already begun to shake her head. A contemptuous tossing of those auburn curls. He forced a laugh. 'And I can tell you about the big man. Aubrey Binnings. Did I say he was my uncle?

Oh yes. And of course he's got this big thing, hasn't he? Nurses. I mean I think he thinks they should all be virgins. Certainly no hanky-panky. No fucking on the sly. When on duty. 'Oh Christ he'd go bananas about anything like that.'

The look of contempt had gone, as this utterly unexpected statement took root in her head. Unbelievable? But she couldn't afford not to believe it.

'Mr Binnings? He's not really ...?'

'What? Oh yes. I'll be seeing him at the weekend. Boring, but he's keen to see me. Now that I've started here. He'll want me to tell him ... well, everything I suppose.' Rob grinned. 'Anbd I'm sure he'd like to know about any nurses who're fucking doctors while on duty. No doubt about it!'

Hazel agreed to go for a drink when she came off duty that afternoon. She didn't really have time to, she stressed to Rob, she had to get back to make a meal. For her husband, Derek. She had made sure he saw the ring on her hand. Clearly she hated being bothered with this lowly student but equally evidently Hazel felt she had no choicce. Not if he might be talking to the hospital's top man. Mr Binnings who was hot on anything at all unseemly. Hazel knew that screwing Dr Kerala in that little consulting room could mean instant dismissal. For herself of course, though not for Dr Kerala who at the most might get a minor reprimand.

Rob laughed. 'I understand. Only a quick drink. And a little chat, eh?'

Yes a quick chat. And ...? He was going to want to fuck her of course. Quite definitely. She was fantastic. Those tits, and the super legs! That ripe bottom in her tight skirt, the cheeks like two struggling animals in a sack! Yes, Hazel Brown would be a really lovely fuck. But he wanted something else too. Those contemptuous, dismissive looks, which he would still be getting if she wasn't so scared of Binnings. Haughty Hazel Brown needed something for that. Quite definitely.

What she needed was that pretty bottom caning! A few really stinging cuts of a cane on her bare ripe rear!

In the pub he said, 'I think we're going to need a little something. A little punishment. Don't you think? For screwing that Indian. What did you say his name was: Dr Kerala? I mean think of your marriage vows, Hazel.'

Hazel tried to protest that she hadn't screwed him. They hadn't been doing anything in that little room. Rob leant close and surreptitiously slid his hand up her skirt. 'Don't be silly Hazel. I'm not stupid you know. Now what I'd like ...'

* * *

A little room over in the West Wing. This floor was due to be redecorated so the rooms were temporarily empty. Rob had first thought of getting Hazel round at his digs but that might not be ideal with his nosy landlady. Then he found out about the West Wing from Steve. Perfect!

Hazel didn't think so of course, but she had reluctantly agreed to come here with him. She could guess what he wanted. Naturally. He wanted what Dr Kerala got – what Hazel should be keeping for her husband Derek of course. Yes this Rob Kenley undoubtedly wanted to fuck her. Well there was not much she could do about it if Mr Binnings was his uncle.

The thought had crossed Hazel's mind that Rob might be making that up but could she risk it? The answer was no and therefore she was going to have to let him fuck her.

Actually he wasn't such a bad looking bloke. It was just the thought of going with a mere student. And a really raw new one! When a pretty nurse could have her pick of all the fully qualified doctors. Men who really counted for something in the hospital. And of course Dr Kerala wasn't the only one Hazel gave her favours to on the quiet, but this wet-behind-the-ears Robert Kenley wasn't going to know that.

'Look I .. I can't stay long,' she told him. It was what Hazel usually said when cornered in a quiet little room by someone she was going to let fuck her. Her tone this time was just a bit more peremptory though.

'Don't worry, it won't take a long time,' Rob assured her. He put his arms round the lovely Hazel. Into her sweet-scented chestnut curles he said softly, 'A nice friendly fuck. But first of all I'm going to cane that pretty bum.'

She sprang away, like a scalded cat.

'Yes,' he grinned. Going to reach behind the bed he pulled out the thin, whippy cane he had earlier hidden there. He whipped it hissingly through the air.

'You might even fancy it! I mean I've heard a good caning can turn a girl on. It can get her pussy nice and steamy. And the other thing is I want you dressed properly for it. Or should we say undressed! I want you in just your stockings and suspender belt and that apron. You'll look fantastic like that!'

Hazel naturally went a bit frantic at all this. Her face red, her big green-brown eyes expressing shock-horror. **That cane!** Unable to bleieve he could actually be serious for one thing. But Rob was serious. Grinning but very serious, and with this dreadful looking cane now in his hand. To prove just how serious he was he brought it stingingly in across Hazel's shapely calf. She let out an anguished yelp.

'**Come on** then!' he urged. 'Or I'll have those pretty legs all black and blue. Get that uniform off!'

To say Hazel was not happy was the understatement of the year. Angrily refusing, then frantic pleadings. Almost in tears! Finally one desperate plea that Rob not insist on doing it in the humiliating outfit he had proposed. But no, Rob was insisting on that too.

Finally she did it, after one or two more painful cuts of the cane across her legs. Taking everything off except her nylons and white suspender belt. A really fantastic sight! Her big firm tits nude now. Her ripely thrusting bottom gloriously bare too. Also her reddish pussy bush which, scarlet-faced, she tried to hide with her hand.

'What a really fantastic body,' Rob told her. No wonder that Dr Kerala goes for it. And your husband too I suppose, eh? Really great – but now shall we cover it up just a bit? Come on.'

The apron went reluctantly back on. Because somehow it was worse with it on than just in her nylons and suspender belt. Rob arranged it so that Hazel's big boobs were sticking out one either side of the bib. And then as a little extra made her put her white uniform cuffs back on her bare arms. She still had her little cap on her head of course.

'I should have brought my camera, he told her. 'Then I could take a few shots and show them all round the hospital. Including to my uncle of course!'

Hazel felt like she was going to be sick. The very thought of that! But thank God he didn't have a camera. 'Come on,' she gritted grimly. 'G .. Get it over with then ...'

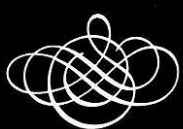
* * *

And Rob did get it over with. Eventually. Well a serious matter like giving a girl a good caning and then fucking her can't be accomplished in two seconds flat.

'Just show a little patience Hazel,' he told her. 'We want it done properly, don't we? I mean if you're going to learn your lesson. And of course if I'm going to get my full satisfaction. You **do** want that.'

Rob caned her kneeling on the bed. And then for good measure a few extra stinging strokes to Hazel's now red-striped bottom with her lying over the side of the bed. And then he fucked her. Starting off in that position, taking her from the rear with her legs spread. And then finishing off with her lying properly on the bed, on top of her. It was all quite fantastic.

And naturally it wasn't going to be over. Rob told Steve for one thing. Now surprisingly Steve wouldn't believe him. But it **was** all true, and Rob was a generous bloke. So he let Steve fuck her too, which of course proved without a shadow of a doubt that it was all true. Hazel didn't want to do it with Steve. Not at all! Not **another** student! But she didn't have any choice. for one thing Rob **had** taken some photos his second time with her. Just in case she found out the truth about Mr Binnings.



LEARNING THE BEDSIDE MANNER

Emma Falway was to spend the summer holidays getting work experience as a temporary nurse. She was 17 with one more year of school but Mr Hinton, her headmaster, thought she was not likely to get the necessary grades for a university place and Emma was quite attracted to the idea of nursing. Mr Hinton, when Emma went to see him to discuss careers, said nursing was a most worthwhile and rewarding profession.

'The bedside manner, Emma. Do you think you have that?' he asked.

Emma flushed – because for one thing Mr Hinton who was standing beside her had slid his hand onto her bottom. Lightly fondling one cheek through her grey uniform skirt. She shook her head – while standing compliantly still and letting the hand fondle. Mr Hinton **did** do that sort of thing to good-looking girls, and Emma being definitely one of the best looking girls in the Lower Sixth had had her bottom fondled before by Mr Hinton. The Head didn't mean anything by it, or at least that was what Emma thought. Of course certain coarse-minded boys would say things about the Head. One thing they said was that he could ensure any good-looking girl got a really good job when she left school – all she had to do was let him fuck her. Emma certainly didn't believe that. Well she didn't want to believe it. Although the possibility that it **might** be true could cross her mind at certain times. Such as when he had her in his study for a talk about something, and then as he usually did he got his hand on her bottom.

The head went a good deal further with his hand. He pulled up her skirt and got the hand in between her bare soft thighs!

Still fondling Emma's bottom – and was it possible that he **was** thinking about how he might manage to fuck her? – Mr Hinton said, 'Well I have no doubt you will be able to develop a proper bedside manner and a very good one. I am sure any male patient in particular would just love to have lovely Emma Falway at his bedside. With in particular her really scrumptious bottom. Mmmm?' And at this the head went a good deal further with his hand. He pulled up her skirt and got the hand in between her bare soft thighs!

That was really a bit too much! Mr Hinton had not gone this far before. And what did you do? Just stand and take it, as Emma had learnt to do with a routine feel of her bottom? She hesitated just for a second, her heart beginning to pound, and that was all it took – for Mr Hinton to get his hand **right there!** Right up between Emma's legs and **at her pussy!** With

just the diaphanously thin single layer of her nylon knickers separating the two!

As she let out a shocked yelp Mr Hinton helped himself to a quite leisurely feel of Emma's shocked cunt – and then removed his hand. Then he said, 'I think I can get you a place this summer. Work experience at the hospital as a temporary nurse. That will really set you up to start a course when you leave school next year.'

Poor Emma's knees were like jelly. She could still feel the hand there, one finger sliding along the length of her so sensitive pussy lips. So that for the moment she couldn't take in what Mr Hinton had said.

* * *

Getting a place at the hospital for work experience was considered quite something. A number of other girls in

Emma's class were clearly envious – and also a couple of boys made the sort of comment you might expect of them. Robert Henly said, 'I suppose you let old Hinton have a nice fuck for that, Emma. Or at least got up on his desk with your knickers off and let him suck your cunt. I know he's really keen on that too.'

Angrily Emma tried to slap his face. 'Some of you boys are really sick!' she spat. Her face had gone red – partly with the memory of what Mr Hinton **had** done which was to feel her cunt. And she did half have the thought that although that was all he had done (all!) he might be going to want something else as well.

Robert, laughing, caught her wrist so she didn't have the satisfaction of giving his face a nice smack. Andrew Sothen who was also with them cackled, 'Look she's blushing. He **did** do it! Or maybe you sucked his prick Emma!'

Emma disgustedly broke away from them. She had better things to do than waste her time with such persons. For one thing she had an appointment after school to see this Dr Eldridge at the hospital.

* * *

I suppose you let old Hinton have a nice fuck for that, Emma. Or at least got up on his desk with your knickers off and let him suck your cunt. I know he's really keen on that too.

'Ah yes. Emma Falway isn't it?' he said. 'Our new temp. And a very lovely young lady if I may say so.'

Emma felt herself flushing slightly. Dr Eldridge was fortyish, a tall man in a white doctor's coat. She had been shown into this small room where Dr Eldridge was sitting at a desk and to the side was one of those examination couches. It was presumably Dr Eldridge's consulting room. Emma was feeling a bit scared, not really knowing anything about nursing and thinking now that she should have read up a bit. As it was she who was bound to sound very ignorant if Dr Eldridge asked her any questions. He was getting up from his desk.

'Tell me, Emma, do they smack girls at that school of yours? When punishing for misdemeanours I mean. Do they take a girl's knickers down and spank her bare bottom?'

The thought of it – of having her bare bottom spanked by Mr Hinton or some other member of staff – was quite mind-blowing.

Emma tried not to flush any more. She did blush easily when embarrassed and it could be so mortifying to go bright red – as she sometimes did. She did her best to control it now – but could nonetheless feel her face getting hotter. Dr Eldridge's query was of course completely unexpected and the thought of it – of having her bare bottom spanked by Mr Hinton or some other member of staff – was

quite mind-blowing. She shook her head.

Dr Eldridge smiled. 'I know it 's not as common as it used to be – in the good old days. And it does mean that a girl hasn't had that disciplinary training which is so valuable. Especially in nursing which demands a good degree of discipline. So therefore if a girl has had no training in being spanked I make a point of seeing to it myself. And I suppose we could start right now, Emma? Before I see about your uniform. Yes? Get your knickers down and spank what seems to be a very shapely young bottom.'

Emma couldn't believe this. Dr Eldridge couldn't mean it! But .. he didn't sound as if he was joking. And confirm this Dr Eldridge said just that. 'I'm not joking Emma.' As she stood immobile with a sort of sickly grin on her face. 'Are you going to take them off yourself – or do you want me to do it?'

Yes, he actually meant it! And I can't possibly let him Emma told herself feeling the panic gripping her stomach. The thought of it seemed worse than what they said about the head. Being fucked by Mr Hinton. Well perhaps not quite that bad, Emma would probably think on reflection but right now she was in no state for reflection. **Take her knickers down! For a bare-bottom spanking!**

But Emma was doing it. Because what choice did she have? She really did want to do this nursing work experience. And if she refused to cooperate Dr Eldridge would most likely say she wasn't the right type, he would find someone else who had more sense of discipline. So, red-faced, she was unhappily reaching up under her school skirt for her knickers.

"Why don't we have them right off,' Dr Eldridge said matter-of-factly. 'More freedom of action.'

The brief pink knickers appeared below Emma's half lifted skirt and were reluctantly slid on down and off over her shoes. Dr Eldridge was standing leaning against the examination couch now. He beckoned Emma closer, holding his hand out for the removed knickers.

'Good. I can see we're going to get along very nicely Emma.'

She gave an anticipatory little squawk. The hand was heading for her bare pussy.

Her knickers were placed on the couch. Dr Eldridge took her arm. And his other hand ... began sliding up under Emma's skirt. Up the front ... She gave an anticipatory little squawk. The hand was heading for her bare pussy.

'Just keep still,' he said softly. 'Just a little preliminary examination. Before we get on with the spanking. Just part your legs a little.'

His hand was pushing Emma's legs apart. Pushing in between. It was almost up there now. She gave a frantic little yelp ... and then the hand **was there.** Cupping her quivery cunt.

'Lovely,' Dr Eldridge said. 'We'll have a more thorough examination up on the couch in a moment. After I've given you the spanking. But just a little feel first, eh ..?'

One of his fingers had slipped in between the moist lips of Emma's cunt. She thought she was going to faint ...

Somehow she didn't. And Dr Eldridge finally finished this heart-stopping examination. Finally taking his groping hand away.

'Good. Everything seems OK Emma. As I say I'll give you a more thorough check-out in a moment. Up on the couch and then we'll see what your responses are like. But right now we have to have the spanking. OK? Are you ready for that? Let's have you over the couch.'

Yes, there was still the spanking. That was next on the agenda. She was all hot and bothered from that hand playing with her pussy and now she was going to have her bare bottom spanked. It was too much! Maybe she really would faint! Dr Eldridge was pushing her over the couch now. Face-down over it. With her skirt pushed up over her back. And there was then still that other awful business to come. Up on the couch, to test her reactions ... What did that mean? Was Dr Eldridge ... going to screw her ...?

But Emma's mind couldn't think about that possibility, awful as it might be. Dr Eldridge had started spanking.

SPLATT ..!! SPLATT ..!! SPLATT ..!! SPLATTT..!!!

Her poor bottom was desperately writhing and jerking. Trying to escape the full force of those whacks but of course unable to as Dr Eldridge's other arm had her tightly gripped.

His big male hand was cracking down! It really hurt! Her poor bottom was desperately writhing and jerking. Trying to escape the full force of those whacks but of course unable to as Dr Eldridge's other arm had her tightly gripped. Discipline test or not there was no way Emma could keep still and take it. No way she could avoid her frantic yelps and squeals. So maybe she wouldn't pass the test and therefore would not get this job. But she couldn't worry about that. The hard spanks were still raining down. Maybe she would rather not have the job.

* * *

But no, Emma had passed the test. All Dr Eldridge's tests. In spite of all that wriggling and yelping when being spanked, Emma's discipline was apparently good enough. And she had passed the other test too, up on the couch on her back. Her reactions. Dr eldridge hadn't screwed her, it had been his hand again. His manipulative fingers. At her clitoris. He had brought her off. She had come, with big shuddery squeals. Dr Eldridge had pronounced himself satisfied.

Brief black knickers and bra with matching sexy suspender belt and nylons. This underwear had to be worn with the rest, it was part of the uniform.

So now Emma had a smart nurse's uniform. A navy knee-length tunic with red-and-white cuffs and a white nurse's cap. Also brief black knickers and bra with matching sexy suspender belt and nylons. This underwear had to be worn with the rest, it was part of the uniform. Dr Eldridge would routinely check that Emma was

pleased he would like Emma to come round to his house the next day, Saturday, so he could hear about it all in detail. She could come round in her nurse's uniform so he could see how smart and attractive she looked in it.

Emma couldn't think of any way of saying no, not on the spur of the moment. Anyway Mr Hinton, being the Headmaster, wasn't a person you could easily say no to. So she would have to go. Saturday afternoon was agreed. Emma wasn't looking forward to this visit. With good reason as it turned out.

She hadn't been to Mr Hinton's house before which was large with a big garden. Emma wasn't interested though, she was only thinking about getting this visit over. There was the thought in her head of course of getting more of what happened last time – or possibly even worse. The things those awful boys said: perhaps Mr Hinton maybe really wanting to fuck her this time. Emma didn't **really** believe he did that but once the thought was in your head.

She put a coat on over her uniform and carried the cap in a bag. She didn't want to draw attention to herself on a busy Saturday afternoon.

wearing it underneath when she turned up at the hospital.

Emma was to start at the hospital at the beginning of the week, reporting to Dr Eldridge. It was now Thursday and school had finished for the year. That was good at least, with no more of those awful interviews with Mr Hinton like that last one when he had felt her cunt. Also she wouldn't be seeing awful persons like Robert Henly and Andrew Sothen with their awful nasty minds. It was certainly a good thing they had no idea of the testing Emma had been subjected to by Dr Eldridge. Was there going to be any more of that when she started at the hospital? Emma preferred not to think of that possibility – and anyway as it was just testing there was no reason to suppose there would be any more of it, was there?

But so much for thinking she wouldn't be seeing Mr Hinton again. On Friday evening Emma got a phone call at home from the Head wanting to know how it had all gone and then congratulating her on getting the job. Then Mr Hinton said he was so

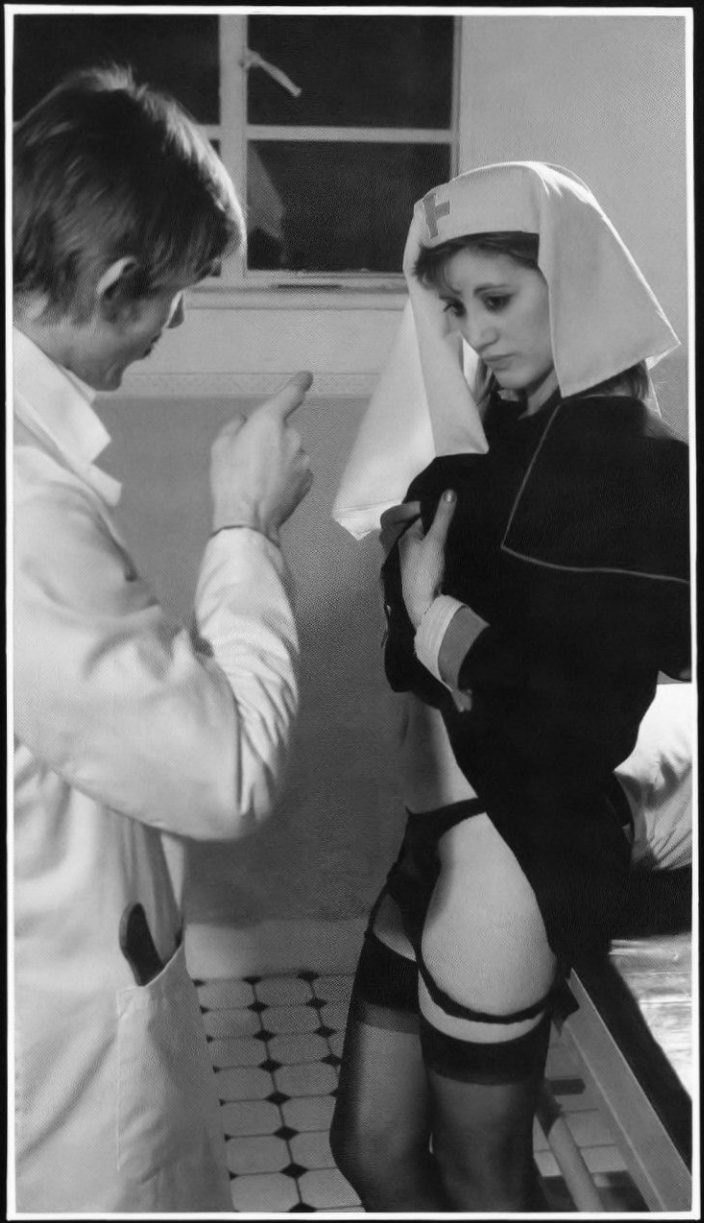
At Mr Hinton's of course Emma had to take the coat off and put the cap on. He said she looked absolutely super. They went through to his sitting room. He said he would make some tea in a moment, after he'd had the pose, turning round in front of him.

'Yes, really really marvellous,' he said. And then the head said he wanted to see what she had underneath. He wanted to see what had to lift the dress right up, round her waist, and show it all.

Mr Hinton went quite red in the face looking at the sexy little black knickers and suspender belt. Getting

chance to see her properly. No one else was in of course, Mrs Hinton being out shopping or something. Mr Hinton had given Emma's bottom a feel as they went through into the sitting room. Now he made her sort of underwear went with the uniform.

Emma didn't want to show him but it didn't seem like she had a lot of choice. She had the sexy black underwear underneath of course, it was part of the uniform. And now she maybe even a bit redder his hand came out and gave her pussy a feel through the tight black nylon. He said seeing her like that got him all excited. And there was something he wanted to do. **Oh Cripes!** Emma



thought. She had let go of her skirt now but the head still had his hand up there underneath holding her cunt. He was going to say he wanted to screw her!

She had the sexy black underwear underneath of course, it was part of the uniform.

It wasn't that as it turned out. Something almost as awful though. Something that awful Robert Henly had said and Emma hadn't wanted to believe. Mr Hinton wanted her to get up on the table. Lying back with her legs over the edge. With her skirt right up and her legs open wide. And then, holding her spread thighs, he came right in there. His mouth at her cunt. Snuffling and nuzzling at her cunt through her knickers.

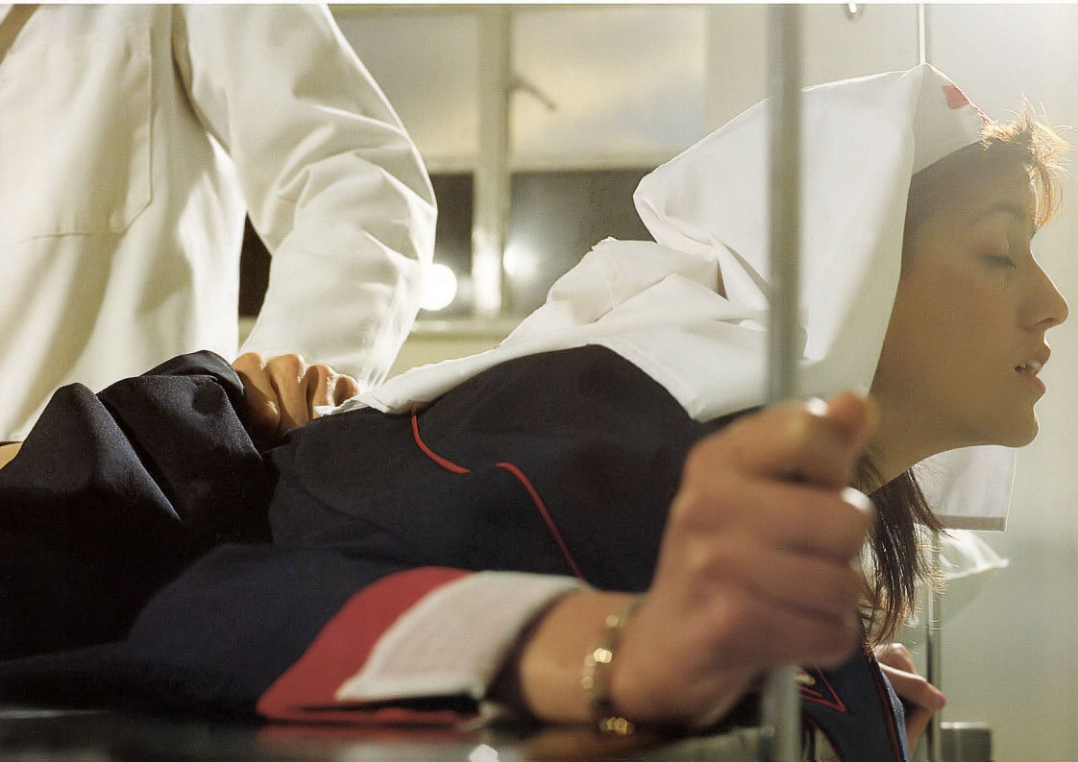
It was pretty dreadful. And then even worse. She had to take her knickers off so he could do it to her bare pussy. It was really awful – but at the same time she couldn't help getting excited by it. Mr Hinton now licking and sucking her. Sucking her clitoris. No one had ever done anything like that to Emma before (she hadn't in fact really believed it was something people did) and though it was awful it was a fantastic feeling. Really, really awful of course. But it undoubtedly got her going. Emma came, with a big writhing orgasm.

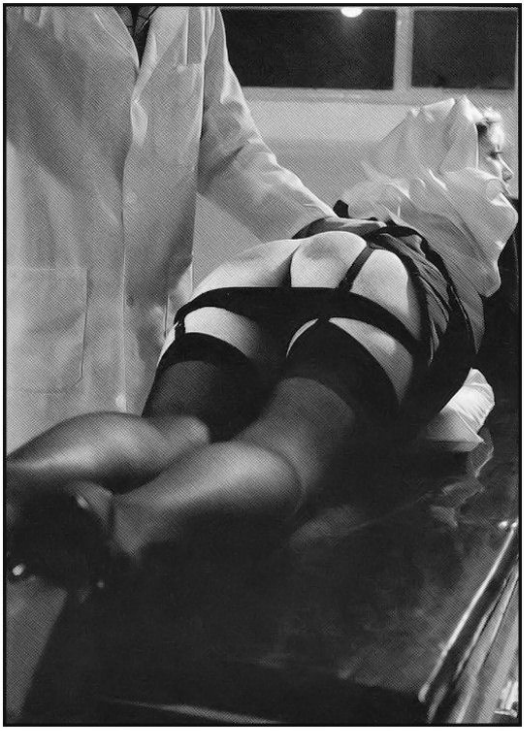
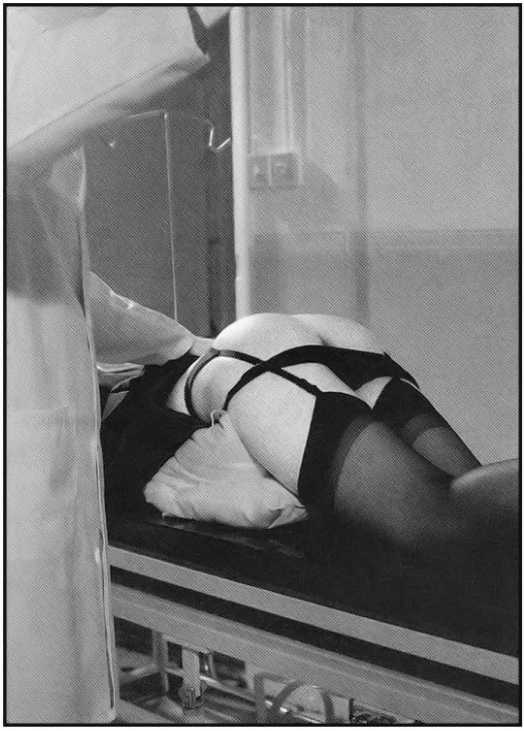
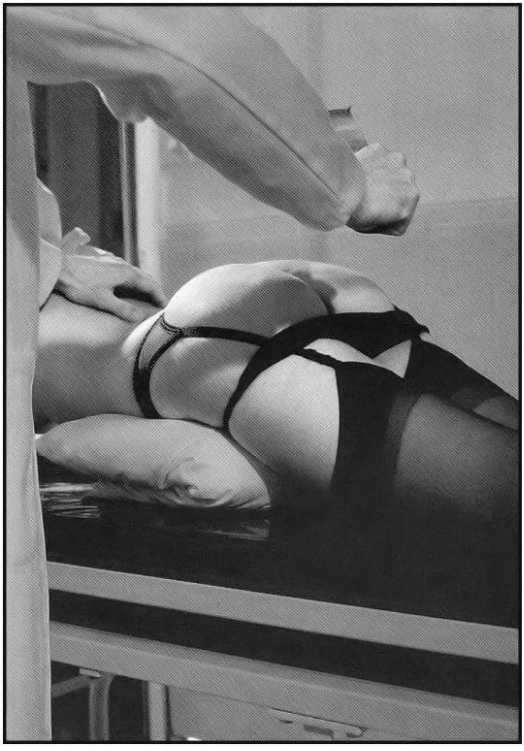
Afterwards Mr Hinton did make some tea. Emma with her knickers back on now and calmed down somewhat though not really able to believe what had happened. Mr Hinton said he knew he shouldn't have done what he did but he was just overwhelmed with emotion. Anyway it was of course a very private thing between the two of them, which they must of course keep **very secret.** Emma said OK. Don't worry, she thought, she wasn't about to blab something like that all over the place.

* * *

Emma tried not to think about it afterwards though of course it was very difficult not to. She couldn't bear the thought of facing those boys now! With her guilty secret! Hopefully she wouldn't see them again until school restarted in the autumn. That would be awful but it was two months away and there was plenty to think about before then. Her nurse's Job! Which she was to start Monday morning. It was very exciting – but of course scary too. Dr Eldridge!

Emma had been telling herself that all



that testing business would be over. But when she reported to Dr Eldridge.

Take your knickers down and bend over the couch. I'm going to spank your bottom again.'

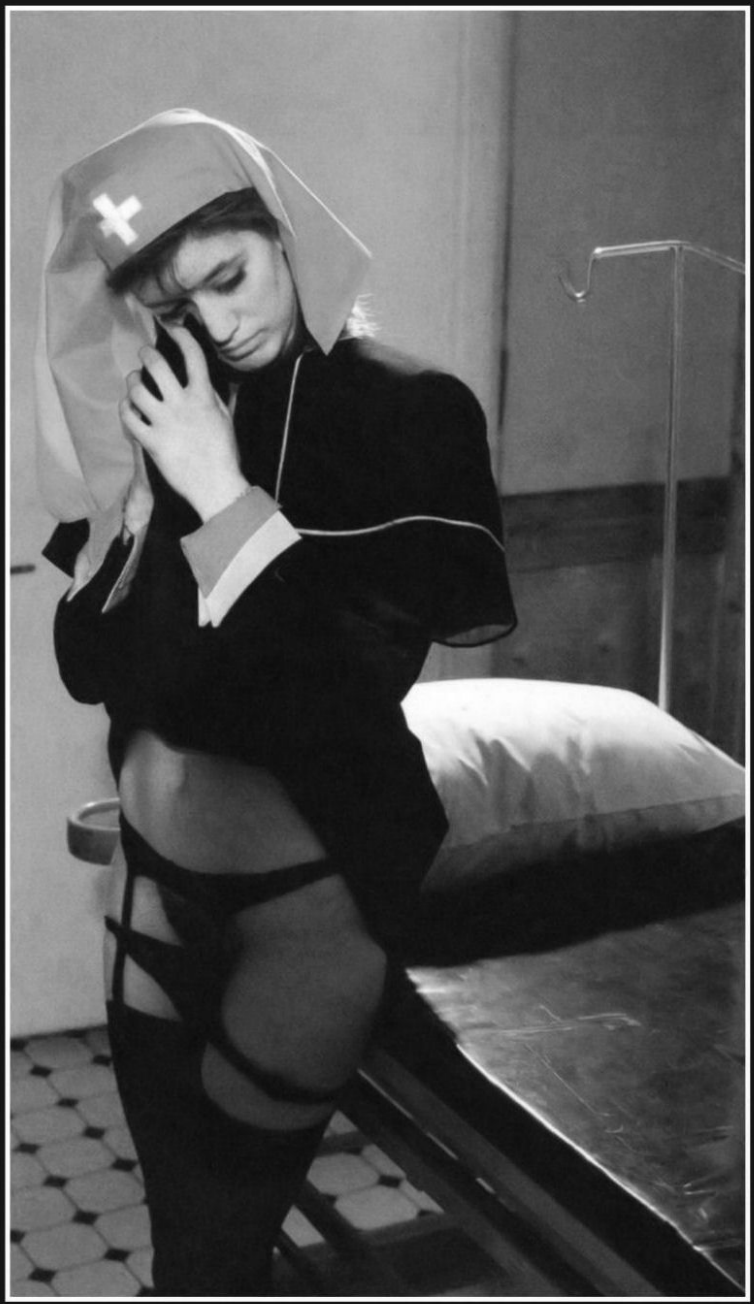
Almost the first thing he said was, 'We'll do just a little repeat discipline test first of all, Emma. So take your knickers down and bend over the couch. I'm going to spank your bottom again.'

She had the sexy black underwear underneath of course, it was part of the uniform.

Yes! Emma couldn't believe it! She had scarcely got her coat off! She felt ready to burst into tears, but managed to control that impulse. You just have to accept it, she told herself firmly. And unhappily did.

So Emma started off with a spanked bare bottom, which certainly wasn't how she had wanted to begin. Try and forget it, she told herself afterwards, blinking rapidly to remove any suggestion of tears and pulling her knickers up over her stinging hot bottom. Dr Eldridge at least hadn't done any of that other stuff although there had been a couple of feels between her legs. She forced herself to concentrate. Dr Eldridge was now telling her about her first duties. He had a couple of special patients that she would be dealing with. Mr Ancombe and Mr Vinworthy. These two gentlemen would be Emma's special responsibility. It would be her job to keep them diverted and happy.

'I know they'll both appreciate having

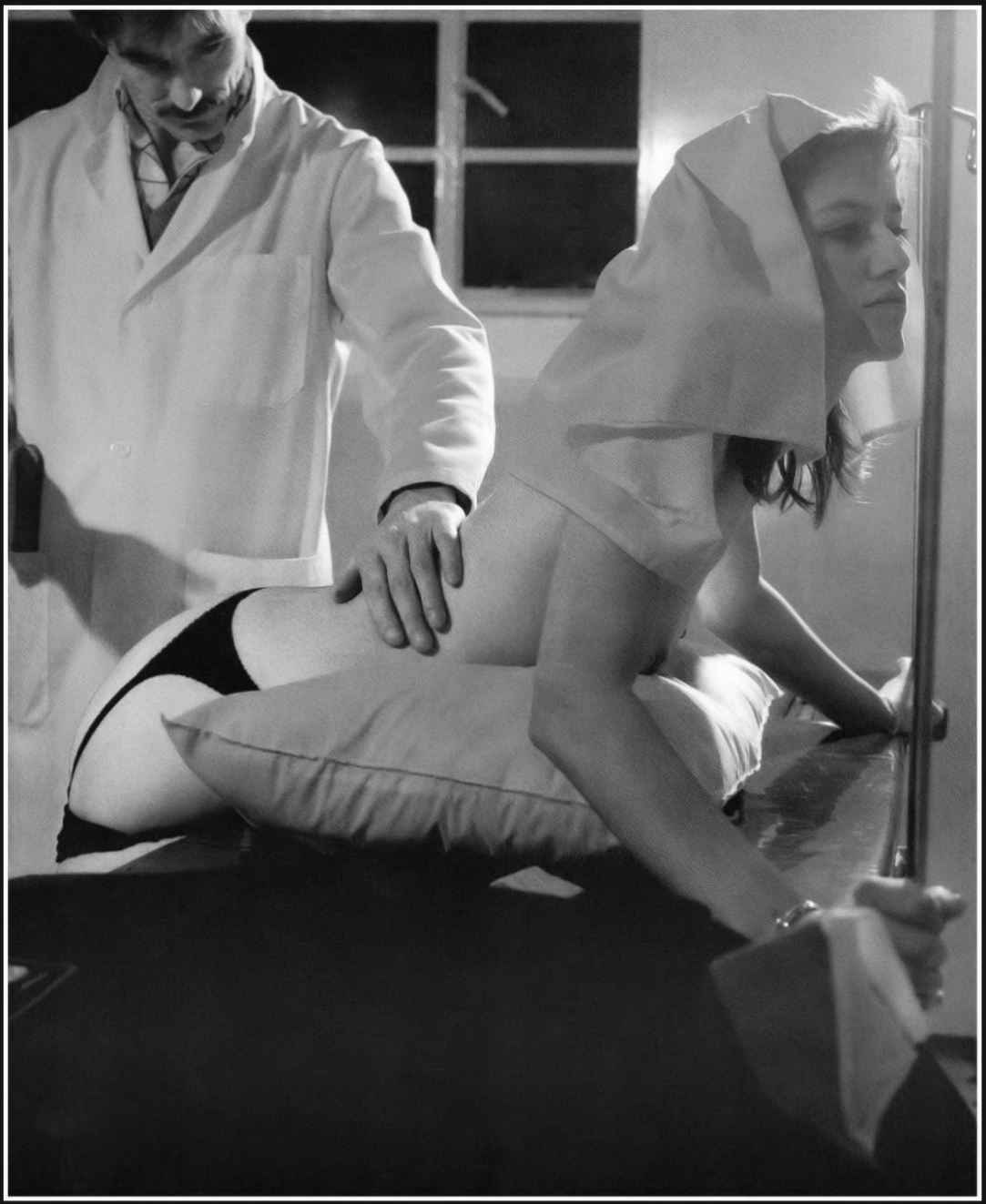


Try and forget it, she told herself afterwards, blinking rapidly to remove any suggestion of tears and pulling her knickers up over her stinging hot bottom.

such a pretty nurse attending to them.' Dr Eldridge said. And then with a little laugh, 'You may find, Emma, that what they would like to do would be to practise your disciplinary training with you! Well, that won't be a problem, will it? Now you've made a start.'

Emma's heart gave a lurch. He didn't mean she was going to have to let these patients spank her bottom, did he! But yes, that was what Dr Eldridge meant.

Mr Ancombe and Mr Vinworthy were both middle-aged men who had their own private rooms. There didn't seem



to be much wrong with either of them. A nurse called Amanda told Emma she didn't think there was **anything** wrong with them, maybe they had just come in to get away from their wives. 'And to get their hands on a nurse's bottom of course. So good luck, young Emma!'

Emma's face went bright red. She wanted to run away, or go and tell Dr Eldridge she had made a mistake, she didn't want to do this training. But she couldn't do either of those things. Everyone thought how lucky she was to be doing this summer job.

No she was just going to have to go through with it.

Mr Ancombe was first. A fat balding gentleman whose eyes lit up when Dr Eldridge brought Emma in to him. Dr Eldridge went out and Mr Ancombe told Emma to go and lock the door.

'We don't want to be disturbed while we get acquainted, do we my dear? The doctor tells me you're still at school. Lovely! And you need a spot of discipline from time to time. Well

The doctor tells me you're still at school. Lovely! And you need a spot of discipline from time to time.

that's marvellous! So shall we start right away? Take your knickers down. And get your pretty person stretched across the bed here!'

An hour later it was Mr Vinworthy. Just the same virtually ...

And there was going to be a whole month of this ...

END

LOOKING AHEAD

Minutes of Meeting convened by Aubrey Blunt, CBE, Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary, Y.S.S. Division.
Date: 11 a.m. 29th March 1997. All Executive Officers of the Division present, with the exception of Mr J B Hoare and Miss P Gray (both on sick leave).

1. The Directive regarding the frequency of 18,12 and 6 stroke canings at Youth Services Centres was noted by all Executives. It comes into force on 31st March 1997.
2. The question of whether the maximum number of strokes which can be awarded should be raised from 18 to 24 was shelved. However, it was agreed that if 24-stroke canings were eventually to be agreed, they should be administered in two lots of 12 strokes, with a 48-hour interval in between.
3. The question of the 'haphazard' nature of punishments in Remedial Training Centres was then raised and the Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary was asked to report, following his visit to RTC 5 (Land Girls). He stated that, whilst he approved the general standards of discipline maintained by Commandant Bushmill, he formed the opinion that it was not sufficiently regularised and too much direction was permitted to Junior Banks. One Land Girl (admittedly at fault) had been punished almost indiscriminately by an Instructor. He had, on one occasion, used a riding crop.
   The Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary did not positively disapprove such methods but thought it better to lay down Rules as in the case of the Youth Training Centres. This was primarily to avoid trouble from Opposition M.P.'s.
4. Following this report, Mr Herbert, Chief Executive Officer, enquired why anyone outside the Y.S.S. Division should become privy to what went on behind the walls of an R.T.C.
5. The Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary then revealed the disgraceful state of security at R.T.C. 5 (Land Girls). He stated that he had already taken steps to see that this was remedied. It was then unanimously agreed that all R.T.C.'s should be inspected at once, from the security aspect, and appropriate action taken where necessary.
6. There followed a discussion on the regularisation of punishments in all R.T.C.'s. Miss Carver, Assistant Chief Executive, said she was somewhat startled to hear of the use of a riding crop, particularly upon females. Mr Barnet remarked that it seemed appropriate in a farm setting but was rebuked by the Chief Executive for being flippant. Miss J Carver then proposed that a maximum of six strokes be administered to any girl in any one day Since the period of detention was seven days, this would mean a maximum of 42 strokes in any one week.
   There was then considerable discussion over Miss J Carver's proposal, most of it unfavourable to her proposition. The Chief Executive pointed out that these establishments were meant to be **remedial**, therefore a considerable degree of severity must be expected. A girl returning from an R.T.C. to her Y.T.C. would spread the word of her experiences and thus instil fear in others. This would assist those in charge of discipline at Y.T.C.'s. The Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary concurred.
   It was finally agreed that the maximum number of daily strokes be nine for girls and twelve for youths.
   The Chief Executive proposed that it should be laid down that such strokes could be 'carried forward'. That is to say, if a girl received no strokes on Day 1, it would be possible for her to receive 18 strokes on Day 2. Or, say, 15 strokes on Day 2 and 12 strokes on Day 3. This was finally agreed with the proviso, proposed by Miss J Carver, that no more than 24 strokes be given in any one day.
   Directives to this effect were to be sent to Commandants at all R.T.C.'s marked 'Highly Confidential'.
   The Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary stated he proposed to continue his personal visits both to Y.S.C.'s and R.T.C.'s.

The Meeting then adjourned.

It was fortunate for Roger Barret - one of the younger and more enthusiastic R.T.C. Commandants - that he had not yet received the Directive from the Ministry. For he was about to give the latest arrival at R.T.C. No. 7 (Medics) what he termed her 'Introduction'. This was a fairly common practice amongst Commandants but Roger Barret was inclined to carry it to excess.

The girl in question was Clarissa D'Arbley who, Roger was aware, was the daughter of rather wealthy and influential parents, living in East Anglia. However, background was of no importance once a girl was in a Y.T.C. Even less so when she was in a R.T.C. All Conscripts were treated equally, especially as far as discipline was concerned. However, it must be said, that those from better backgrounds were inclined to come off worse since, by the very nature of things, they were inclined to be somewhat 'uppity'.

Clarissa had already received her uniform and changed into it. Under protest. This had been reported to the Commandant. The protest was, to some extent, understandable, even if not forgiveable. For, as most uniforms at the Centres, it was deliberately designed to humiliate. This was because humiliation was considered an essential element in discipline and punishment.

A Detainee was permitted no knickers or brassiere. She wore black stockings supported by a white suspender belt, and high-heeled black shoes. There was also a so-called dress which was really no more than a white apron, which left the girl's back and buttocks exposed. Also, her breasts were frequently inclined to pop out from the sides of the apron. Apart from this there were white, ruffed cuffs - which had been classed as traditional rather than serving any useful purpose.

As he customarily did, Roger used one of the small rooms containing a hospital bed. This was normally used for Nurse Training...bed-making, bed-panning and the like. He saw the look of apprehension in the girl's eyes as she stood there nervously. She had obviously noted the cane he carried.

"Conscript D'Arbley," he demanded.

"Y-yes...sir..." What a pretty young thing she was, thought Roger. 19, but coming up to twenty according to her records. Long soft blonde hair, lustrous hazel eyes and an excellent figure. The breasts were not large but they were firm and high; however, the hindquarters and thighs were amply and most excellently formed.

"Sentenced to seven days?"

"Yes, sir." The fair head nodded disconsolately. Roger got the impression that the girl was acting a little out of character. All honey and softness; shly seductive. Whereas, again according to her records, she was a sharp little monkey and rude with it.

"For persistent insolence?"

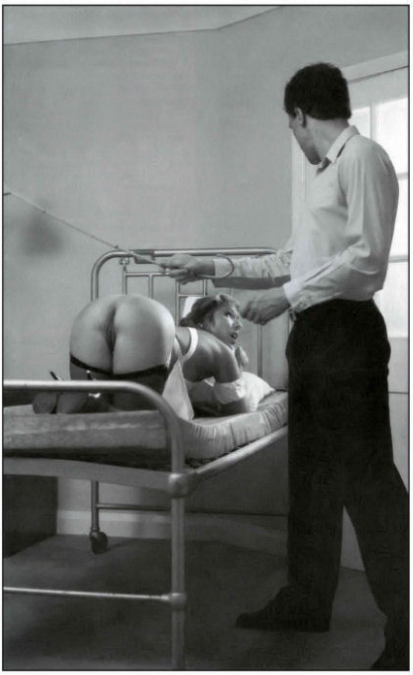
"So...so they said, sir..."

"They?"

"My Commandant, Sir. She is Miss Morley, an ex-Matron."

"I know all about that. I, by the way, am Dr Roger Barret. Though I no longer practice." The trace of a smile flickered over his lips. "Not medicine, anyway."

"I understand, Sir." Was this girl actually ogling him? Trying to influ-



ence him with her girlish feminity? Well, well, how interesting. But she would soon learn she got a sore bottom just the same.

"You were caned for it, of course, Conscript D'Arbley?"

"Y-yes, sir...quite often, sir."

"Ever get the maximum, Conscript D'Arbley...eighteen strokes?"

"Yes, sir. Twice, sir."

"Hmmpp...you seem to be wilfully stubborn, girl. Still, we know how to deal with such traits here. In any event, insolence to your superiors is a serious offence. It sets such a bad example to others."

The girl looked suitably contrite. "Yes, sir," she said in almost a whisper.

"Right then, D'Arbley...to make you appreciate you are now in an R.T.C. and not in the Y.T.C., I am now going to give you what we here term an **Introduction**". Roger saw the girl beginning to look suitably scared. "Or to put it another way, I am going to give you a very sound caning."

"Oh...ohhh...sir...please...no! I...I've done nothing wrong...."

Roger raised his eyebrows. "Don't talk rubbish D'Arbley. You wouldn't have been sent here if you'd done nothing wrong. The one thing simply follows from the other." The girl had no answer to that. She could only look at him appealingly with those lustrous eyes of hers. He was unmoved. "Come along, let's have you up on the bed. Facing the head of it."

There was the usual hesitation. Understandable, of course. A girl accustomed to the cane knew what to expect and familiarity certainly didn't breed contempt.

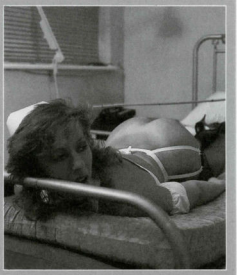
"O-ohhh...sir..." Once again that seductive look.

"Move, D'Arbley." There was an edge to Roger's voice. There was always a time for firmness. He watched the girl climb on to the bed and kneel on all fours facint its head. She certainly had a superb bottom, he thought; as good a one as he'd seen for many a month. Then he noticed a tattoo mark on one flank. It was in the shape of a swallow. He wondered about that. Rather intriguing. Had some young man made that imprint?

"I...I won't be insolent any m-more, Sir," he heard her say. "I u-understand now.."

Roger couldn't help grinning. "You'll understand a lot better by the time you leave here, D'Arbley," he said. "Grip that head-rail." Up went the arms; the knuckles gripped tight. He heard her take a deep breath and saw the nates tauten in anticipation.

Standing to the girl's right, he laid on the first stroke. It was a back-hander, but that made no difference to Roger. He was as strong and accurate on the backhand as he was on the fore-hand. The weal sprang up and the bottom twisted but there was no more than a gasp from the girl. Roger



nodded appreciatively. He liked an experienced girl. One with spirit. They took longer to break down, but he always broke then down in the end.

Again! Hard, but not too hard. The right sort of weight and tempo when you were beginning a caning of some duration. There was no point in blazing away right from the start. That usually produced uncontrolled hysteria of a kind. It was better, in his experience, to build up slowly. To get a girl acclimatised, as it were. Also, Roger allowed a goodish interval between each stroke. Plenty of time to absorb the pain of one before the next arrived.

In this fashion, six strokes fell. At each, the girl's head jerked up and back. At each, her bottom twisted and jerked back and forward. At each she uttered one of those breathless gasps. She seemed quite determined not to cry out, he thought. A stubborn one, alright, like so many of those upper-crust girls.

Roger laid on number seven a little harder and, this time, he did get an 'owwing' sound as well as a more convulsive squirm of the hindquarters. Had she been expecting him to stop at six, he wondered? If so, she was going to be sadly disappointed.

Eight! "Owww...aaahhh..." Another convulsive squirm. "Oh...h-how...many, S-sir?" came a plaintive query.

"I haven't made up my mind yet, D'Arbley," came the callous response. "That rather depends on your behaviour." There was a series of deep intakes of breath and a tightening of hands on the bed-head. She was obviously summoning up her strength, determined not to give him the pleasure of breaking down too soon.

"Does Miss Morley cane as hard as I do?" enquired Roger, sawing the cane across a quaking-quivering pair of buttocks.

"Y-yes...oh yes...sir..."

"But then, D'Arbley, I'm not caning anywhere near as hard as I can. I hope you understand that?"

"Yes...yes...I suppose so, sir..." The buttocks clenched as the cane came away.

It zipped down...harder. "Ow...oww!" Oh yes, he was beginning to get through to her now. Miss Uppity was beginning to regret where her runaway tongue and her arrogant attitude had got her.

Again...then again...then again! Three coming in fairly quick succession which had the girl writhing all over the bed as she lost her grip on the iron head rail. Roger looked down with satisfaction at the stripes he had laid over that lush young behind. Most were straight; one or two crossed each other. That was twelve, he realised. Quite a reasonable **Introduction**. He would give her a little rest before he dealt with the matter of her protests

over her uniform.

"May I get off the bed, Sir?" The voice was plaintively appealing. It had a little girl sound to it. But Roger sensed that this Clarissa was far tougher than she tried to make out.

"No you may now," answered Roger flatly. He looked down at the soft-swelling hindquarters, running his fingers along the slimness of the cane. Nice to think hat this D'Arbley was going to be in his charge for a week. Perhaps (as so often happened), as time went by, certain tempting offers would be made so that punishment might be avoided. He did not often take up such offers but, in this case, he well might. As stated on her records, the girl was no virgin so the risk involved was negligable. "D'Arbley," he said, you will turn and face the other end of the bed."

"O...ohhh...sir...why?"

Roger gave the girl a lashing cut. "Don't ask questions, just do it!" he yelled above her startled scream. She had not been expecting that! Shoulders heaving now, she turned and knelt so that she faced the opposite way. Now the strokes would be on the forehand and the opposite flank would feel the bite of the rod's tip. "Now, D'Arbley, it has been brought to my attention that, when issued with your uniform, you protested with some vehemence to the Instructor. Correct?"

"Well...sir...it seemed...so absurd. Hardly anything of it..."

"It it not for you to query uniforms issued at an R.T.C., Conscript D'Arbley! I should have thought you should have had enough brains to realise that."

"Oh Sir...I didn't really m-mean anything...it was just an outburst..."

"Quite so. Just the sort of thing that comes bursting out of you all too often, it seems." Apart from those young tits, he thought lecherously.

"I...I'm s-sorry sir...it won't happen àgain."

"I hope not. For your sake."

"Oh, Sir...what are you going to d-do?" The blonde head was turning pleadingly.

"Do, D'Arbley? I'm going to cane you again. And this time, since it was an offence against R.T.C. Regulations and not simply an **Introduction**...I'm going to cane you far harder!"

"Oh no...sir...please...!"

"Get your backside well up, D'Arbley. And keep it up. I'm giving you a dozen more. Then you'll realise what being in an R.T.C. really means. Any trouble and you get more than a dozen. An extra dozen, if necessary. I'm making myself quite clear?"

"Y-yes...oh yes....sir but please don't be too hard on me!"

Roger smfiled as he measured that flinching bottom. It was always enjoyable to give it to them really good and hard. He raised the cane high and laid a full-blooded stroke across that tautcurving young behind.

Clarissa D'Arbley was both stubborn and brave; moreover her desire to withstand the system at a R.T.C. was strong. Even so, she was not capable of enduring the Commandant's fresh onslaught. As the supple cane bit excrutiatingly, she threshed and writhed all over the bed, legs kicking.

Repeatedly, she begged for mercy, now distraught and tearful.

Always she was made to adope her upthrust-bottom posture, ready for the coming stroke. Twice she was almost incapable of doing s and only the threat of a dozen extra gave her the cruel incentive to do so.

Frankly, Roger Barret was most impressed by the girl's strength and ability to endure. For he was by no means stinting himself. It was a long time since he had thrashed a new Detainee with such vigorous venom. Was it because of her 'class', or because her hindquarters were so inviting? He didn't bother to analyse it. Probably it was a bit of both. All he did know was that by the time he had finished with Detainee Clarissa D'Arbley, she was a sobbing, whimpering wreck of a girl. No longer arrogant, no longer insolent, no longer defiant.

The young Commandant was well content.

What he had achieved was the 'raison d'etre' of a Remedial Training Centre. At least, so it seemed to him, from the various Ministerial Directives he had received over the past months.

From: Miss J Carver, Asst. Chief Executive, YSS Div., Home Office.
To: Permanent Deputy Under-Secretary, YSS Div. Home Office.

From second-hand, I have had a disturbing secret report from the parents of Conscript Clarissa D'Arbley, recently confined in R.T.C. No. 7 (Medics). How they got their information is unknown to me, but they are people of some influence in East Anglia. From what I can gather, there is a possibility of a 'leak' to Opposition Members - regarding conditions in this centre. I shall do my best to stave off anything of this nature but, in my view, the sooner the decisions taken at our Executive Meeting of 29th March 1997 are implemented in full, the better for all.

The whole of the YSS system will be put at peril if Commandants of R.T.C.'s are permitted unbridled powers of punishment.

Aubrey Blunt, CBE, pursed his lips and frowned when he received this inter-office memo from one of his most trusted executives. Something had gone positively amiss.

He picked up the telephone receiver on his desk. "Get me the Commandant of the R.T.C. 7 immediately," he ordered.

BACK NUMBERS

BLUSHES NINE

More schoolgirls!
More canings!
More spankings!
More of everything!

£6

BLUSHES SUPPLEMENT THREE

Home from school
Uniform girl spanked
Caning, strapping,
Humiliation!!

£4.00

BLUSHES TEN

A young Civil Servant loses her knickers.
A headmaster's secretary loses rather more.
More Reich Girls.
Schoolroom Caning.

£6

BLUSHES FOUR

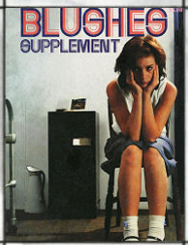
Newsround girls whipped, others chastised in domestic service.

£6

BLUSHES TWELVE

Stable girl's spanking,
Caned in the Saddle,
Schoolroom spanking and caning

£6



BLUSHES SUPPLEMENT SIX

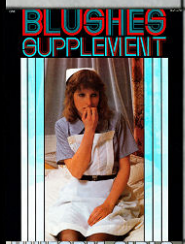
Bedroom Spanking,
Schoolroom Caning,
Spanking 'Alfresco'.

£5

BLUSHES UNIFORM GIRLS FIVE

Convent discipline,
Two nurses,
twelve strokes.
Majorette sticks it out.

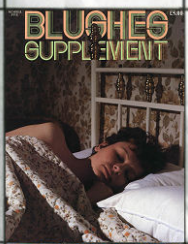
£5



BLUSHES SUPPLEMENT ONE

Girls in Germany in 1936
Spankings, canings fresh and original articles.

£3.50



BLUSHES SUPPLEMENT FIVE

A fresh air Spanking,
Bathtime humiliation
Bedroom Caning

£5

BLUSHES UNIFORM GIRLS SIX

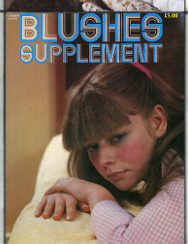
Nurses, schoolgirls, a traffic warden and the school sports captain — caned, spanked and strapped!

£5

WHISPERS ONE

Humiliation dress.
Held hostage.
Cornfield Encounter.

£5



BLUSHES SUPPLEMENT SEVEN

Classroom strapping,
Headmistress weilds her cane
Sixth Form Spanking

£5